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Plans for London by the Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON

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Plans for London

by The Right Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P.

Articles in The Geographical Magazine for January and September 1937 showed how Rome and Moscow are being reconstructed in accordance with comprehensive plans. Readers of those articles who asked themselves what prevents London from being similarly planned will find their question answered herein by Mr Morrison, who holds as much responsibility in the matter as any one individual can under a democratic system. The answer is that we can have as much planning as we choose to vote for and pay for; that we have already got a good deal; and that if we want much more, it can only be achieved through fundamental decisions of social policy involving the nation as a whole

ALL cities with a long history, whose growth has been a matter of centuries, are today, and must in all probability to a certain degree remain, muddled and inconvenient. Without seriously impoverishing the life of a city and arousing widespread and justified resentment, it is often impossible now to remove monuments and churches, erected long ago, which in the 20th century have become a cause of traffic congestion. Whole districts have completely changed their character at one time or another in the past and are now occupied by people whose way of life is different from that of those for whom the district was originally intended. Outlying villages have become absorbed and while now urban in character sometimes retain the road systems which once served a rural community.

LONDON'S SPECIAL DIFFICULTIES

While these disadvantages affect in varying degrees every European capital, the extent to which they have been modified differs vastly from city to city. At one end of the scale there is Paris, where a succession of absolute rulers, with the assistance of such men of genius as Gabriel and Haussmann, have been in a position to disregard the immediate interests of large numbers of their subjects and to enrich their capital with a series of wide highways and broadly planned schemes of development; at the other there is London, which for a variety of reasons has never enjoyed the benefits of such large-scale planning.

The causes which have led to the present admittedly chaotic state of affairs in London are numerous and are worth considering in some detail at a time when many people with only a slight knowledge of the practical difficulties are busily urging the immediate adoption and speedy conclusion of grandiose schemes of improvement.

First, no city of equal antiquity has a population comparable to that of London or one that has expanded at so rapid a rate. This has naturally led to the magnification of those problems of housing and transport with which all cities have been faced; and rendered immediate needs so pressing as to make it difficult to concentrate on future conditions.

Second, Greater London is not so much one town as a collection of towns and villages, most of which still retain their own shopping centres, high streets, etc., and in many cases enjoy a very large measure of local independence in arranging their own municipal affairs. Moreover there has frequently survived a high degree of local patriotism which encourages the authorities to give precedence to purely local problems, sometimes to the detriment of the welfare of London as a whole.

Third, owing to the fact that the English as a nation became politically conscious at a far earlier date than most continental nations, the power of the Crown was already strictly limited at a time when the absolute sovereigns of Europe were rearranging their capitals to suit their own architectural taste or as a means of attain-

ing the protection of their persons in case of revolution or war, but, it must be admitted, in most cases to the considerable benefit of later generations of their countrymen. Thus, when the larger part of London had been swept away by the Great Fire and an admirable opportunity arose to rebuild London on carefully planned lines, Charles II was powerless to impose Wren's scheme on a reluctant city without the financial support of Parliament, which was blind to the long-term advantages and saw only the immediate expense. The little town-planning that John Nash was able to carry out at the beginning of the last century was only made possible by the skill and ingenuity which the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV) displayed in concealing the extent of his commitments from the government and by the co-operation of half-a-dozen noble land-owners.

Fourth, the comparatively peaceful internal conditions which this country has for so long enjoyed have, curiously enough, adversely affected the development of the capital. London has not withstood a siege since before the Conquest, whereas all the continental capitals have been familiar with such a danger until a much later date; Rome was sacked in the 16th century, Vienna besieged in the 17th, Berlin plundered in the 18th, Paris invested in the 19th. As a result the inhabitants of London ceased to pay any attention to the fortifications of their city centuries ago; and thus the walls which elsewhere checked unlimited expansion had long since vanished by the time that the outward growth of the city had become a formidable problem. Moreover, in Vienna and later in Paris a fine concentric system of broad streets could be laid out without much expense on the land formerly occupied by the ramparts.

Fifth, the fact that London so soon became the financial and commercial centre of the world led to the establishment of a far larger number of business

houses and offices than elsewhere; with the result that land values soared, making the centre of the town the most valuable acreage in the world, with the possible exception of certain districts in New York. To carry out improvements in the centre of London therefore involves the paying of sums in compensation so vast that the municipal authorities cannot afford them.

WHERE PLANNING EXISTS

Such then, are some of the reasons for the difficulties which must be overcome—or at all events modified, for it must be frankly admitted that certain of them may never be wholly abolished—by anyone embarking on a plan for London as a whole. It should be recollected, however, that in several particulars the life of the city is already subject to planning, insofar as this may be defined as control and co-ordination by a central authority.

Since 1933 all the various passenger transport undertakings in London—with the exception of the main-line railway companies which run suburban services and with which the Board has a pooling arrangement—have been brought under the control of one central London Passenger Transport Board. Now that this has taken place and its advantages are so manifest, one is tempted to wonder why it had not been effected long before and to forget the enormous difficulties which had first to be overcome. Up till 1933 the passenger transport of London was carried on by one or two large and well-run concerns such as the London General Omnibus Company, the Underground Railways, etc., and a large, though steadily diminishing, number of smaller railway, omnibus and tramway undertakings, some of which were independent, and some owned by other companies and combines and by municipalities. There were even a considerable number of so-called 'pirate' buses, many of them one-man concerns.

When finally all the various under-



The London Museum

Regent Street as first designed by Nash, showing the arcades and the effect of dignified unity which can only be produced by entrusting a whole street frontage to a single architect

takings had been bought out or amalgamated the Transport Board had still to consider its stockholders and was directed by Parliament to run its services in such a way that they earned the requisite revenue. Just how hard this may sometimes be is shown by the fact that the subways of New York have been running at a loss for years—a loss which is made good by the city—and that the largest of them is at the moment in the hands of the receiver. Similarly the Paris Metro has an annual deficit which is borne by the municipality.

Earlier still the control and regulation of London's water supply (an undertaking the magnitude of which we seldom appreciate, so accustomed are we to have all our wants in this respect supplied by the simple turning of a tap) was entrusted to the Metropolitan Water Board, which has fulfilled its duties to the general satisfaction.

More recently we have been afforded an even more striking example of central

planning, involving the co-operation of numerous local authorities but inspired by the London County Council, namely, the formation of the Green Belt.

The objects of the Green Belt Scheme round London launched by the L.C.C. in March 1935, are already well known to the public. It was realized at the time of the inception of the scheme that it would be impossible to provide a continuous belt of undeveloped land round London within a short distance of the densely populated areas, but a glance at the diagrammatic map (p. 84) will indicate the measure of success that the scheme has so far attained. The County Councils round London deserve their share of the credit.

It is gratifying to record that, up to the present time, the L.C.C.'s provisional approval of a contribution to the cost of preserving land from building development has been given in respect of nearly 70,000 acres, i.e. over 100 square miles.

Of this area, approximately 10,000 acres have already been acquired by the County Authorities, the L.C.C. having approved contributions amounting to some £430,000 towards the cost, out of a total of £2,000,000 allocated for the purpose.

The tragedy is that earlier Councils did not launch such a scheme, and by so doing get the Green Belt nearer to Central London at much less cost.

A STITCH IN TIME . . .

This year the publication of the Bressey report has revealed how much might be

accomplished towards remedying the fearful traffic conditions that we are all too apt to regard as irremediable, by the adoption of a large-scale plan such as can only be properly carried out under the general approval of the Minister of Transport. Parliamentary powers would be required. One of the major problems is the enormous cost (about £80-£120 millions in the L.C.C. area alone). Financial discussions have been proceeding between the Minister and the Council.

But in almost every case the adoption of such schemes as these has in the past

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF ^{THE} ENGLYSHE IN 1849. N^o 24.



REGENTE. STRETE. AT FOUR OF ^{THE} CLOCKE. P. M.

By courtesy of 'Punch'

The imposition of this measure of order and architectural unity on Regent Street did not repress the ebullient individualism of the English, tending then as now to chaotic confusion

been postponed till the last possible moment, when the pressure of events has at length forced people to realize that matters can no longer be allowed to continue as they are. The result is that the cost is double and treble what it would have been had plans been put into operation in good time, or had adequate town-planning control existed. The measures advocated in the Bressey report could have been carried out at less expense even ten years ago; and had the transport services, particularly the tubes, been brought under public control earlier, there would have been a much better chance of controlling, in the interest of London as a whole, the development of outlying districts and of preserving as open spaces areas which it would have been to the public advantage to have kept free from buildings.

A still more drastic example of what is likely to happen when vital improvements are left to the last possible moment was provided by the sanitary conditions of London in the middle of the last century. In the 'thirties and 'forties, at a time when the population of London had increased enormously in the previous half-century and was still increasing annually at an unprecedented rate, the drains and sewers were in many cases those which had done duty since the 17th century and their upkeep was in the charge of a number of Commissions of Sewers which made little or no effort at co-operation.

In the middle of last century there were estimated to be over 200,000 cesspools in London and when, after the Act of 1847, these were drained into the sewers which discharged into the Thames, the river itself became in effect an open sewer. Practically the whole of London's supply of drinking-water was contaminated either by underground accumulation of household filth, by sewer leakages or by the insanitary condition of burial grounds. Nevertheless, despite the warnings and protests of various medical men and other

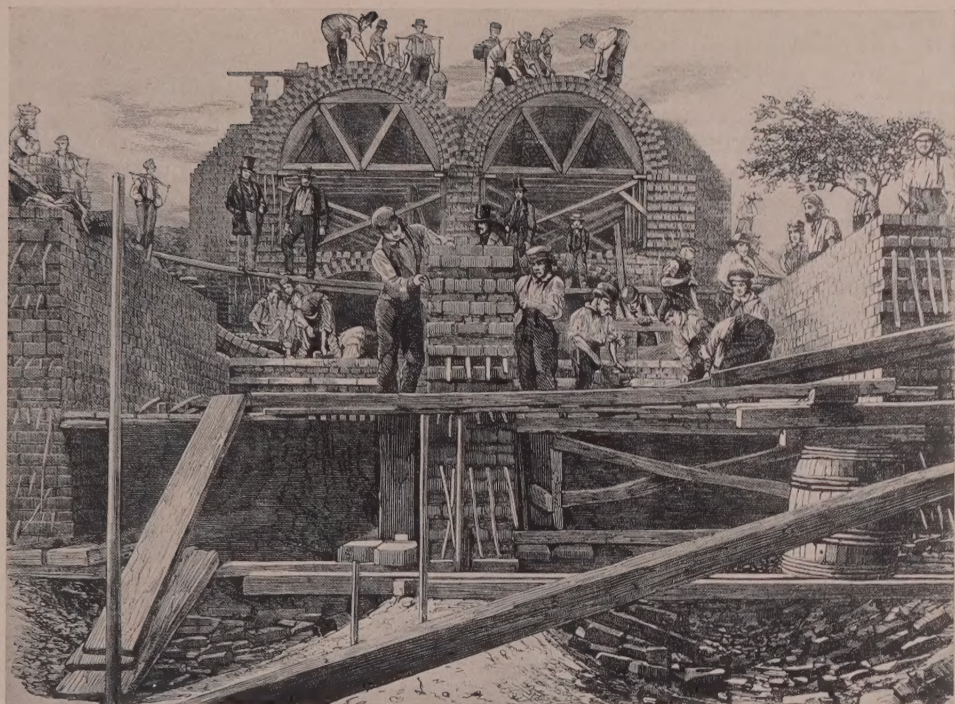
far-sighted citizens, nothing was done until a series of cholera epidemics frightened Parliament into passing the necessary legislation which was at least a century overdue.

NEXT STEPS

With such examples from the past before us, what particular aspects of the life of the metropolis should we at the present moment be considering with a view to future planning? What are the activities and developments that we should regard as being destined in the near future to be brought under some sort of centralized public control?

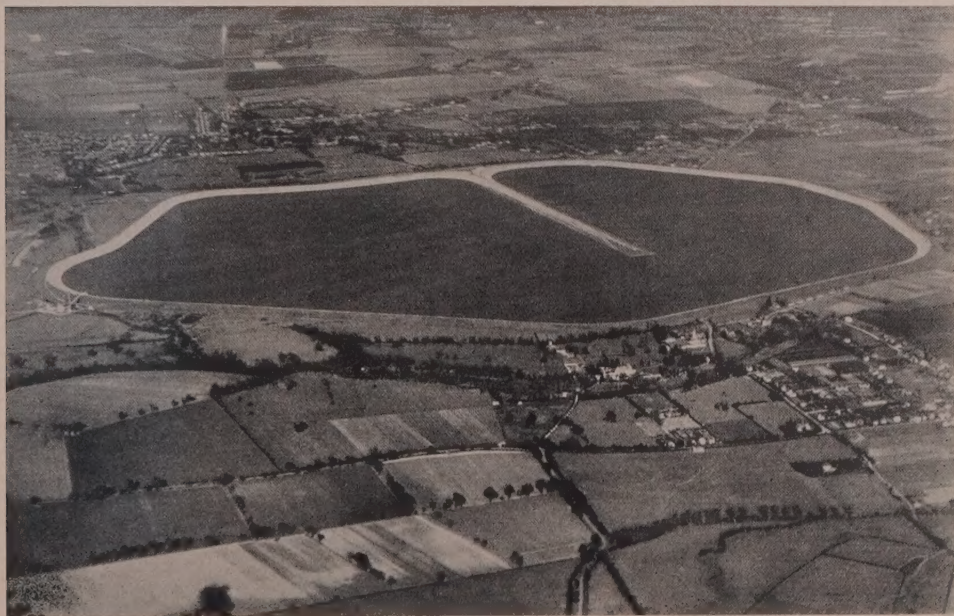
First, there is the case of electricity. At first glance it would seem that a highly desirable and long overdue reform would be the amalgamation of all the various electricity undertakings, some large and efficient, some small and less efficient, and the setting up in their place of a central organization for the whole Greater London Area on the lines of the Transport Board; with the resulting abolition, in due course, of such anomalies as the existing difference in price between one street and another.

More difficulties are, however, involved than are at first apparent. The whole business of electrical supply has become so complicated, there exist so many different undertakings whose ramifications and subsidiaries are so numerous, that a better scheme would be to place electricity under public ownership, nationally, with suitable regional organization. The maximum efficiency at the lowest possible cost can only be obtained when all the nation's electricity is distributed under the general direction of one central supply organization. In this respect the rural areas of Essex, Surrey and Middlesex cannot properly be separated from Greater London; and they in their turn are inseparably linked with other remoter districts in an interlocking network covering the whole country, of which no one part can be removed and made to function



Illustrated London News

Centralized public control was applied to drainage, under the Metropolitan Board of Works, in 1855 and to water supply, under the Metropolitan Water Board, in 1902. (Above) One of the first new sewers laid down by the former, under construction in 1859. (Below) The 'Queen Mary' Reservoir, near Staines, can hold the equivalent of three weeks' water supply for the whole of London



Aerofilms

satisfactorily by itself. Moreover, electricity—and this applies equally to gas—is in the first instance dependent on coal and it is not right that this industry should flourish while mining may languish. Fuel and power should be looked at as a whole.

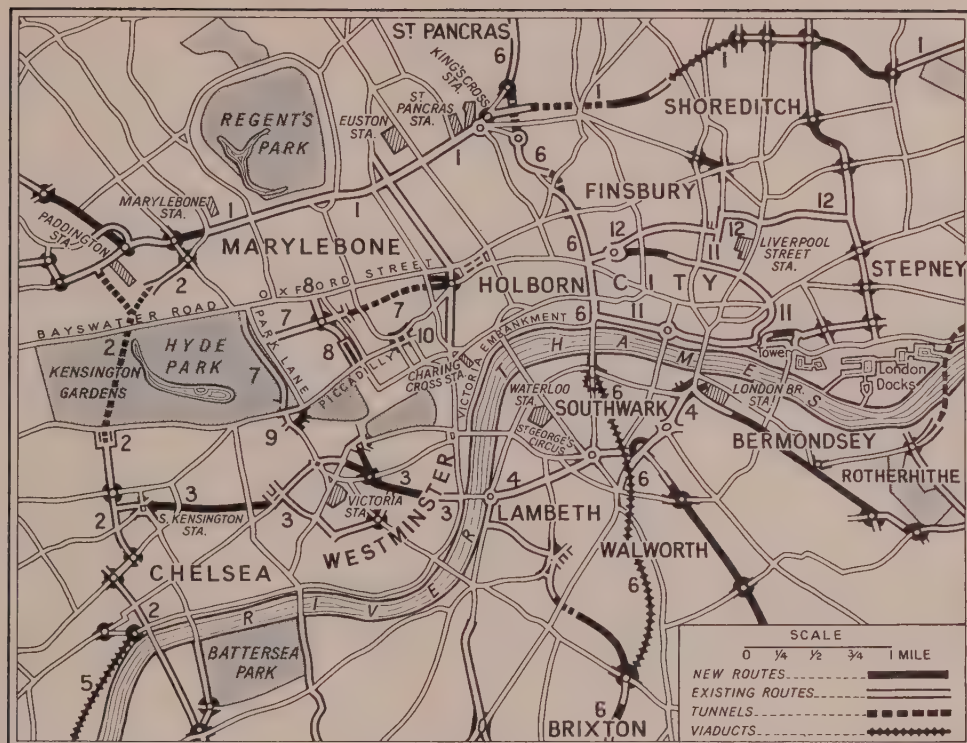
The hospitals and health services present another type of problem. Under the Local Government Act, 1929, the local Poor Law infirmaries were transferred from the old Boards of Guardians to the Councils of Counties and County Boroughs. This was a good move. Whilst it can be argued that the County Boroughs and some of the Counties are not large enough to give the best possible service, the change has brought about big improvements in L.C.C. London, where the Council has 74 special and general hospitals, apart from 20 mental hospitals. The poor law stigma has gone and a popular municipal service has been established. Here planning is in operation. The distribution of other health functions is open to some criticism, but not of a wholesale order. A proper degree of local administration is held by most people to be desirable for many of the health services.

PRESERVING THE PAST

Another aspect of London's development with which many people feel that the authorities should concern themselves more actively is that which is referred to under the term of 'amenities'. The preservation of open spaces is already to some extent being promoted under such schemes as the Green Belt, and a more imaginative spirit is coming into the administration of parks with their lidos, dancing, games, children's parties, etc.; but there is a growing demand that the public authority should interfere to prevent the architectural beauties of London from being destroyed by private enterprise. At the moment, although the whole of the L.C.C.'s area is now being placed under such town-

planning control as Parliament has accorded to it, the powers which it can exercise to preserve buildings of architectural merit and discourage the erection of eyesores are very limited. Under the zoning regulations they can prevent buildings going up above a certain height; they are empowered to restrict the density of buildings to a limited figure per acre; and under the Town Planning Act they can schedule given areas as residential and thus prevent the encroachment of business and industry. Furthermore they have at their disposal certain indirect methods of discouraging the erection of undesirable buildings.

But that is all. Parliament, it is true, has enacted that any building of architectural merit erected at a date prior to 1714 can, with the owner's consent, be scheduled as an ancient monument, and thenceforth be inviolable. However, this measure has for two reasons proved of little practical use; for first, many owners are unwilling for a variety of reasons to have their property scheduled; and second, by far and away the majority of the best architecture of London was erected after 1714. As a result of its unchecked destruction, numerous societies and amenities groups have come into being with the object of preserving, by means of organized protests, as much as they can. But while their objects are generally excellent and their method of pursuing them admirable, they do nevertheless encourage a certain unthinking antiquarianism which seeks to preserve whatever is old regardless of whether it is artistically valuable or still capable of serving any useful purpose. This tends to concentrate people's attention far too much on what comes down rather than on what goes up. Such protests are only justified when it is absolutely certain—which in a sadly large proportion of cases it must regretfully be admitted it is—that the building destroyed will be replaced by something considerably worse.



STANFORD, LONDON.

CHANGES PROPOSED IN CENTRAL LONDON UNDER THE BRESSEY PLAN

- East-West Connection.**—In the forefront of the programme, this 12-mile road would connect East and West London and would form a much-needed northern parallel to the Bayswater Road-Oxford Street route. East of King's Cross the road would pass underneath Islington in a tunnel.
- Kensington Gardens Tunnel** would fill the 1½-mile break made by Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens in north and south communications. It would open up a new long-range traffic route crossing the Thames at Battersea Bridge. The tunnel would be wide enough for four lanes of traffic.
- South Kensington-Horseferry Road** would open out the approaches to Lambeth Bridge from the South Kensington district and relieve the traffic confusion round Victoria Station. The route would involve a new cut eastwards from South Kensington Station and would run above the Metropolitan Railway.
- Lambeth Bridge-St George's Circus-London Bridge.**—The present route would be freed of its traffic entanglements by the improvement of the lay-out of St George's Circus, the complete transformation of the area west of London Bridge Station and the construction of a new southern approach to London Bridge.
- Chelsea Embankment Extension** would be a combination of viaduct and embankment along the river westwards from Battersea Bridge and together with the proposed extension of the Victoria Embankment through the City to the Tower would provide a route of nearly 8 miles along the North Bank of the Thames.
- King's Cross-Blackfriars-Brixton.**—South of Blackfriars Bridge an elevated highway would run alongside the Southern Railway, carrying a four-lane divided carriage-way. This highway forming part of a new north-and-south route across London, would pass over densely populated Southwark and Walworth.
- Mayfair-Soho Route (Oxford Street Relief)** would involve the creation of a twin carriage-way road by the inclusion in Park Lane of the 'ring' road now within the Park railings. It would run along Grosvenor Street, pass under Regent Street and Charing Cross Road by twin two-lane tunnels and end just west of Kingsway.
- Mayfair-North and South Route (Bond Street Relief)** would lead south from Oxford Street, join Grosvenor Street at a roundabout, and make Dover Street and Albemarle Street one-way connections to Piccadilly. Thus Bond Street, one of the busiest shopping centres in the world, would be relieved of traffic congestion.
- Hyde Park Corner**, which carries more traffic than any other road intersection in London, would be made into a dignified and symmetrical plaza, having a rectangular island in the centre with trees, grass and monuments. This plan would involve encroachment on a corner of Green Park and Buckingham Palace Garden.
- Piccadilly Circus** would be converted into a rectangle measuring 400 feet from east to west and 250 feet from north to south, by flattening back the buildings between Regent Street and Shaftesbury Avenue on the north and clearing the site occupied by the London Pavilion on the east.
- City Loopway** would extend eastwards from Blackfriars to the Tower, loop round the City and return to Blackfriars by way of route 6. It would thus enable drivers to avoid the main traffic routes converging on the centre of the City. A new cut would have to be made from Wood Street to Aldersgate.
- City Outer Circle** would accommodate the slow-moving traffic plying between railway termini, the market districts of Farringdon, Smithfield, Covent Garden, and the commercial areas of the East End. It would extend from the junction of route 6 and West Smithfield to Vallance Road, Stepney.



Humphrey Spender

Underground railways, buses, trolley-buses, trams—all these, formerly conducted by a large number of independent undertakings, have since 1933 been subjected to the unified control of the London Passenger Transport Board

The architects of the 18th century whose work we now seek to preserve, happy in the conviction of their own excellence, never for one moment hesitated to pull down the work of previous generations, and the present passion for preserving what is old solely because of its age is surely a symptom of a lack of self-confidence. This is not to say that nothing must be preserved; obviously far too much has disappeared that should still be intact, for the great works of the past have a spiritual significance and London completely bereft of its Georgian squares, its Wren churches and its Regency terraces would be a far poorer city, however good the buildings which replaced them. Moreover it must not be forgotten that such things have a practical as well as an aesthetic value; tourists may not cross the Atlantic in order to gaze at blocks of luxury flats, whatever their architectural

merits. In general, however, this problem cannot be solved by increasing the L.C.C.'s powers of preservation—save in certain limited directions—but only by giving them the opportunity to exercise a far more rigorous control over elevations.

BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE

If electricity can only be planned on a nation-wide scale; if the co-ordination of health services is bound to be a gradual process; if the preservation of amenities must await an increase of the L.C.C.'s power of positive action; yet there is still another activity, and that the most important of all, for which a large-scale plan is essential and has in fact already been in partial operation—namely, housing and slum-clearance.

Before 1934 a considerable amount of housing construction had been carried through by the L.C.C., much of it outside

the county. When my friends and I came into power after the 1934 election, we thought there had been too much 'as and when' about things and not enough 'plan and drive'. We regarded our first duty as being to survey the slums and end them by a vigorous re-housing drive; and secondly to end overcrowding by statutory restriction and still more housing. On balance the new housing drive has been within the county, because many workers cannot stand the cost and inconvenience of long daily journeys. However, extensive cottage estate building has been carried through on the edge of the county. Certain east-end areas are being dealt with as a whole by re-development schemes. If nothing or nobody stops us, we shall go ahead until every London family is decently housed.

THE GREAT OBSTACLE

But in the way of the successful accomplishment of nearly all these schemes—slum-clearance, the Bressey report, the Green Belt, the preservation of amenities, though more particularly in the case of the first three—there stands one great stumbling-block, namely, the present system of land-tenure. At the present moment the L.C.C. owns about four per cent of the total area of land in Greater London (about ten per cent of its own area), and this proportion increases very slowly as time goes on. It is worth pointing out, on the other hand, to those who regard the acquisition of land by the L.C.C. as a piece of the grossest Socialist robbery, that the City Corporation, that home of Conservatism, and its associated bodies own a substantial area within and without the City of London—and there are no Dukes between Temple Bar and Aldersgate.

No really satisfactory plan for London is fully possible until the central authority owns, if not all the land in London, at least a sufficiently large proportion to enable it to influence decisively the policy

of the remaining landowners. This would ease the chief difficulty in the way of the speedy and economical execution of such plans as those visualized in the Bressey report, that is to say, the enormous cost of compensation. At present the compensation which has to be paid to landowners before any public improvements can be carried out falls into two categories: justifiable and unjustifiable. Where it is necessary, in order to widen a road or to carry out a necessary scheme of development, to acquire land from some individual or firm, long established in the same place or having recently bought the land at a high price, then as things are it is inevitable that a sufficiently large sum be paid to cover the damage or loss which would be suffered by the owner, who has perhaps sunk a lot of capital in his property or upon whose activities the livelihood of many people may depend.

But there is another type of case where no such justification exists and which occurs most frequently in suburban and semi-rural areas. A clever speculator with an eye to the future buys a piece of agricultural or derelict land for a song. Shortly afterwards along come the L.C.C. with a scheme of development which will involve the acquisition of this land, and in order to obtain it they are forced to buy out the speculator at a price which their own proposed scheme may have inflated into that of an 'area ripe for development'. Through no merit or labour of his, the speculator is thus enabled to make an enormous profit at the expense of the ratepayer.

One of the first steps, therefore, towards the accomplishment of any large-scale town-planning must be some species of legislation which would forbid this sort of profiteering and enable the L.C.C. to acquire land at a reasonable value and not at that to which it may subsequently attain as the result of their own initiative. Curiously, landowners as such, benefiting as they do so much from municipal



STANFORD, LONDON

The Green Belt Scheme launched by the London County Council elected in 1934 has already resulted in the permanent preservation from building of 10,000 acres and the earmarking of 60,000 acres more

activities, pay no rates. Furthermore, where the L.C.C. owns the land, such proposed schemes of building or development as it may decide to undertake or permit are not subject to the approval of landlords and to the whole delaying and depressing sequence of protests, modifications, further protests and, finally, appeals to the Ministry of Health.

But perhaps the greatest advantage of all which would accrue from the L.C.C.'s ownership of the greater proportion of the area of London would be the fact that it would then be in a position to control the character of a neighbourhood. At the present time a long-established and well-

planned working-class district, such as Portland Town, where the small Regency houses had passed from father to son for three or four generations, can be bought up, the houses demolished and their place taken by blocks of luxury flats. The original inhabitants are then forced to find new homes, frequently far removed from their place of work, at higher rentals and lacking the amenities and charm which for them the houses they had so long inhabited had naturally acquired.

Conversely a neighbourhood which was originally intended for well-to-do people and in which the houses are of a large, or moderately large, size may for various



Humphrey Spender

To the north-east, Londoners will now be free for all time to wander, on their Sunday excursions, through such broad domains as that of Pyrgo Park, adjoining Hainault Forest near Romford



Humphrey Spender

—and to the south-west, through Ockham Common and other oases of unspoilt Surrey

reasons so decline in value that the landlords are forced to seek a new class of tenant. In order to accommodate him they divide the single houses up into a number of flats and gradually, as the character of the district goes down and down, they sell out to other landlords. These, in their endeavour to squeeze what profit they can out of the property, let and sublet to a variety of less reputable *entrepreneurs* who have no hesitation in still further dividing the houses and no objection to overcrowding so long as they get their rent; until finally the district becomes a slum of the worst sort. At present, while the L.C.C. can (as indicated above) to a certain extent control the activities which may be pursued in any particular neighbourhood, they can do little—except at a disproportionate expense—to save such districts as Portland Town and are powerless to remove already established industries from neighbourhoods which should properly be purely residential.

However, the public ownership of the land in London can only be established by legislation which is unlikely to be passed in the near future; and at the rate at which the L.C.C. is now able to acquire land by purchase, the greater proportion of London will still be in private ownership two centuries hence.

It will be seen that a considerable amount of public planning is being carried through. Dramatic advances are being

made as compared with those earlier days when owners of property could do what they liked with their own. But they can still do too much as they like. Interests of one sort and another and their legal rights, which Parliament has so carefully safeguarded, are still the major obstacle to planning. And landowning is not the only interest. Until capitalism has substantially gone and socialization has made such strides that the nation is largely the master of its material resources, the planner will find himself in difficulties.

Another problem is the organization of local government in Greater London. We have a large number and varied type of *ad hoc* and local authorities in this city of ours. The specialist planning enthusiast too often thinks he can solve *his* problem by setting up another special authority. I think he is wrong: there is a great deal of inter-relation between local services. Comprehensive consolidation, combined with local interest, is the line of advance rather than specialist disintegration.

London government is hardly the result of planning. We have moved from one expedient to another. But I will refer the reader for the might-have-been to the last chapter of my book *How Greater London is Governed*. County Hall's relations with other local authorities are good and I am not anxious to start up a controversy with them.

People of the Hadhramaut. I

by FREYA STARK

The Hadhramaut and its remote valleys were the subject of three articles by Miss Stark, who had then recently visited them, culminating in our December 1936 issue. Now she draws from a second visit, and from a yet more intimate acquaintance with the people of the Hadhramaut, material for the delightful character sketches of which the following first group deals with the women and children, while a second will be concerned with the men

WHEN, after a winter in the Hadhramaut, I climbed the gangway of an Orient liner to return to Europe, the first thing I noticed was the general effect of vulgarity produced by European clothes. For men's attire the matter is so obvious, it need hardly be elaborated: any European object, such as a pair of white tennis shoes or a sporting cap, is enough to make the best-looking Arab ridiculous, whereas their own head- or foot-gear can be worn by us without loss of dignity and often with an increase of beauty. But when it comes to women's clothes, which in Europe are not ugly in themselves, the difference is more delicate; and I have reached the conclusion that the generally decorative effect of Eastern dress on the whole is due to its *traditional* quality, the subservience of individual fancies to rules, which gives a general harmony and restraint to every gathering of females.

Everything is regulated, and the differences allowed are only differences of detail. If you look at the little Arab hand, decorated with henna, you know at once if it belongs to a married woman or a bride. The palms and finger-nails are dark orange in both cases, but those twists and spirals, branches and stars and crosses would be very indelicate indeed on any but virgin fingers. The wonder that anything new ever does get adopted at all goes to prove that permanent miracle of the human race, the greatness of individuality, stronger in the long run than all dictatorships—even those of fashion.

It is, of course, impossible to obtain photographs of women of the better class until they have become so emancipated

that they no longer wear anything worth photographing, but I had many friends among the children of our little town, and they promised to come and show me their new gowns on the day of the feast, when everyone, even the poorest, tries to enjoy a new dress and a dinner. The children's clothes are exactly the same as those of their elders, and they wear the same jewels; but they vary from town to town, and from class to class, so that you may know at sight whether it is a noble 'sherifa', a beduin, or a peasant you are speaking to, and whether she comes from north or south.

The sherifa (or her daughter) is here seen in full glory with the coral headdress which, alas! is fast vanishing, encircled by



Photographs by Freya Stark

Decoration with henna suitable for the hands of a bride—'twists and spirals . . . very indelicate indeed on any but virgin fingers'

its crown of silver cases now purely ornamental—the disk cannot be opened—but once obviously intended for amulets. The silver bells too have vanished, which hang from the headress like a mane, on silver chains. I have only once or twice seen them worn, in very remote places. A bride I knew wore them when she stood up to dance among her friends. It was her second marriage, to the same husband.



A girl of Hamud is looking down. Her gown is embroidered with gold discs, silver and bronze shells. The gown pinned on her chest with a great bank of silver.

who had divorced his innocent wife and was now taking her back—so she was among all the relations she knew and was fond of, and the assembled guests were women she saw almost every day. Yet she was trembling with nervousness, and her sisters-in-law were almost as anxious, and arranged her with affectionate knit touches, a knit here and a pull there, as she stood up on a floor so packed with women that it looked like nothing so much as the bottom of a boat full of fish after a haul.

The dancing affects only the top of the body—the feet do no more than stamp with a delicate jerk for which an anklet with small bells is worn to jingle in time; but this subsidiary proceeding is usually submerged by the audience, cross-legged all about, whose eyes concentrate on the upper part of the figure, which swings its long plaits in great circles, and immolates every detail of costume and complexion to the absorbing critical gaze of female friends. If the plaits are not long enough, some sham ones are attached, hooked on without embarrassment in public and kindly lent as you would a spare handkerchief to friends in need. The great art is to move the head sufficiently to keep all these tresses in motion and yet not disturb the ten or twenty necklaces which, glancing the breast in cascading tiers and in a strictly regulated order, must not be so obviously clutched.

"Does it make you giddy?" I asked one of these ladies as she cutted among the tangle of legs and gowns bent on her place beside me.

She gave me a pained look, and then whispered: "It does, but you should not ask, because it is a disgrace to be giddy."

In Arabia, as elsewhere, it is not so easy for the well-brought-up female to be truly selfless.

All this gorgeousness is of course only visible in the interior of the harem. In the street, the noble ladies of Hamud wear either a white chemise-like overblouse which only the face, covered in a black veil,



The coral head-dress with its silver amulet cases which is disappearing from the Hadhramaut



Less free than the beduin women, but freer than those of high rank in the town, peasant women often dispense with the veil. (Above) Carrying millet stalks for fodder. (Below) Winnowing millet. The witch-like sun-hats are woven of palm leaf fibre



emerges; or they go about in a great black shawl like their slaves. There was a good deal of indignation owing to the fact that in these modern times, when slaves are no longer what they used to be and inclined to have ideas above their stations, they would go about draping the two ends of their shawl over one arm like a lady instead of throwing them over their shoulder as they should. "And then", said the ladies of Huraidha, "who can tell us apart?"

That a change of fashion is now and then introduced suddenly was brought home to me in a painful manner, for I was the unwilling cause. The religious Head of the little town, admiring the ugly simplicity of my attire, ordered all the pretty spangles, sequins, gold threads, and beads and cowrie shells to cease off the satin gowns of his town. It was just at the time of the feast, and everyone had a new dress ready spangled. Despair and the snipping of scissors filled every harim. I did what I could and appealed in person—all to no avail, "for", said the men in a depressingly unanimous chorus, "the spangles are expensive and what is the use of them all?" a futile but unanswerable argument.

It is indeed probable that there are more drawbacks to the pleasures of being a lady in Arabia than in Europe. The peasants are happier. They often do not veil, and the beduin never do. Both wear black, which the peasants decorate with silver thread or spangles, and surmount with a tall witch hat against the sun; they wear different belts too from the townswomen and often different anklets, and they can be seen either with or without the overdress which the well-born must ever wear in public. But the beduin women are freest of all for, in their own houses, they will actually sit and join in the circle of conversation with the men; they marry for love, and the man who wants them must woo them; and they not only have, but are recognized as having, a will of their own. The pretty shy creature

against the door is not one of them, but a townswoman of Makalla, fearful of the camera even through the protection of her veil.

If the women of the Hadhramaut are full of inhibitions and of fears, this cannot be said of the children, who are among the least self-conscious and pleasantest children I know. In the harim, the small boy is tyrant and master from the very beginning of his life and this probably gives him his easy security of manner: his *good* manners he learns in the public tents and the guest rooms where, from a very early age, he begins to sit and listen to the conversation of his elders.



'A townswoman of Makalla, fearful of the camera even through the protection of her veil'



Boys and girls work, but not too hard. Building up dykes for the flood-time. The board, dragged by a camel, pulls the friable sand to the top of the banks

I have never seen a child either hard-worked or ill-treated in this country. The small boy in the picture is piling sand on the flimsy dykes that guide the flood-waters in spring to the places where crops will grow when the living touch of water reaches them. These people were beduin, but nomads no longer. They lived in a hillside cave which had once been a pre-Islamic tomb; the shelves of its ancient dead were now used to hold the scanty household goods, and the place, roomy and cool, lit rather dimly from a door to which one climbed by rough steps, was as pleasant a shelter as one could wish, protected alike from the cold of winter and heat of summer and from the rains that pour overhead to water the thin and thirsty strip of tilled ground below. A week or two of intermittent rain suffices for the year: the ready crop springs up and is gathered, and the land returns to its stony desert emptiness again.

The work specially reserved for the children is the herding of flocks. The little girls usually attend to it, and it is a charming sight to watch the goats run and cluster round their shepherdess when anything alarms them. She it is who cuts and beats their food down to them from unattainable trees when the sun has scorched the small edible shrubs from the lower ground. She is as active as a boy, but much shyer, and will only creep near after a time when she sees that no harm is coming to her brothers and cousins who have made friends with the strangers straightaway. But when she does come, she will tell the names and uses of all the plants and flowers of her district far better than the boys, for that seems to be a particularly feminine speciality among the beduin. When the sun comes near setting she goes home, walking ahead while the goats follow close behind her. Their pattering feet make a pleasant noise on

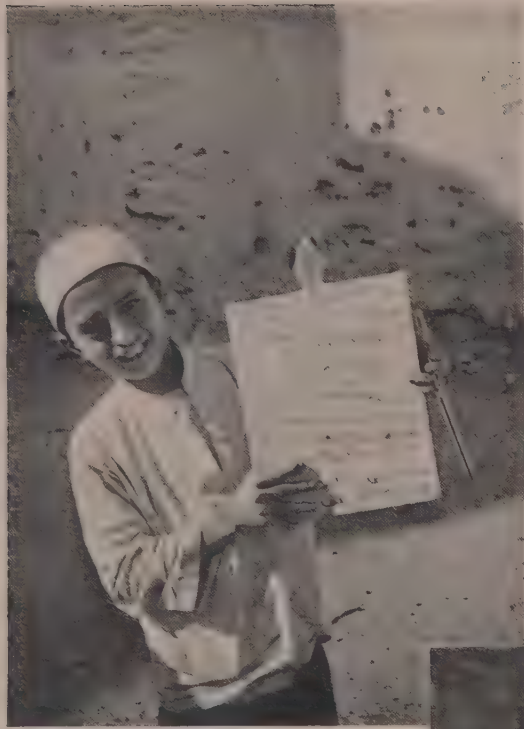


A little shepherdess engaged in beating down branches for her flock from a tree



'Western civilization.' Small boys of Shiham 'gambling with cards, which they have learnt from the West'

The two main subjects of Arabian study are Grammar and Propriety. On their wooden slates, schoolboys of the Hadhramaut 'write the rules of grammar and the precepts of good living'



Their easy security of manner derives from early assurance of mastery over the women of the harim; their good behaviour and dignity from sitting with and listening quietly to the conversation of older people



the stones, like summer rain. They too shelter through the night in some cave, ancient or modern, dug into the hill, and if they belong to settled nomads who have crops to save, they will sometimes be fed on stalks of millet kept cool and fresh for them for months in one of these subterranean places.

The long days full of leisure in the sun must be a delight to children, and must teach them many things omitted in books; yet the Arab has a passion for education, and you will hardly meet a child who does not wish to study if he is given a possible chance to do so. This is very remarkable when one considers how much dull repetition Arabian study entails: Grammar and Propriety, the minute observance and correct performance of all customary acts, are what it chiefly covers, with occasional relaxation in what the Arab most enjoys—the words and poetry of his own magnificent language.

“I like to amuse and make my scholars happy”, the charming schoolmaster of our town told me one day: “and so I collect for them the etymology of words.”

Happy man, his scholars are easily kept happy, since of Arabian etymology there is no end. On their wooden slates they write the rules of grammar and the precepts of good living, and will repeat them, like small clocks set ticking, without the slightest expression but with immense satisfaction to their listeners and themselves. And they are possibly better employed in so doing than in gambling with cards, which they have learnt from the West.

One good thing however we have brought them, and that is the game of football. You can see it being played any day by the schoolboys in Aden or by the Somalis (who often beat our men at it). And now it has crept gradually into the Hadhramaut from the coast at Makalla, and is played on the sandy strip where the camel caravans come in from Yemen beneath the mediaeval ramparts of Shibam. There they play in the long light of the afternoon, their little brown torsos naked in the sun: and the best one can wish them is that they may never learn anything worse than football from the great civilizations of the West.

The Photogravure Section immediately following demonstrates the variety of English Village Architecture and the way in which it varies from county to county, usually in accordance with the local building materials. The present series covers the Southern and South-Western Counties. Further series will deal with other districts



Polperro, paragon of Cornish fishing villages, is hewn from the cliffs to which it clings

Photographs by Van Dine



The skillful reed thatching and plain façades of Newton St. Cyres are typical of Devon



Wiltshire's stone and timber work is well displayed in these Tudor cottages at Lacock



Castle and cottages, roofs and walls at Corfe in Dorset are built of the grey Purbeck limestone





Grouped about inn and ancient elm at the cross-roads, Yattendon may stand for Berkshire—
and Chiddingfold for Surrey, with its gardens and lych-gate opening on the village green





The Beaulieu River and the New Forest give to Buckler's Hard a true Hampshire setting
— while flint-cobbled walls in Alfriston are characteristic of the Sussex Downland





Clapboarding, native to Kent, is used at Cranbrook in the construction of windmill and cottage alike

Cities of the Mayas

I. Palenque

by LADY DIANA GIBB and R. H. K. MARETT

Mr Rodney Gallop's study, in our September issue, of the Ancient Monuments of Mexico and the relation between the Aztec, Toltec and Maya cultures will have inspired in many readers a desire to know more about the Mayas themselves. Since the remains of Maya civilization are scattered over a wide area from Honduras to Yucatan, and since its development covers a period of nearly a thousand years, we shall publish in successive issues three articles on certain of the Mayas' cities, bringing out various aspects of their impressive achievement

THE name, 'New World', given to America after the discoveries of Columbus, is not a very fortunate one; it is easy to forget that in what now is a wild and inaccessible portion of Mexico and Central America there flourished in the early years of the Christian era a comparatively advanced civilization. Rome, then the centre of our own civilization, had no knowledge of this other world beyond the Pillars of Hercules, while the Maya inhabitants of Palenque were in equal ignorance of Rome, and, with as much right, no doubt considered their great capital to be the centre of the Universe.

It is their complete isolation from the main evolutionary stream that makes the Mayas so interesting. In what might almost have been another planet they evolved from crude beginnings their own special brand of culture, and if their civilization seems strange to our eyes and at times almost inhuman, this is hardly surprising. Much more surprising are the many common points possessed by two civilizations which evolved so separately.

When the Spanish *conquistadores* reached the New World, the Maya civilization had already ceased to exist except in a degenerate form in parts of Yucatan. The Aztec empire of Montezuma, centred upon the Valley of Mexico, obviously owed much to Maya inspiration, but this, too, with its orgies of human sacrifice, was only an ugly shadow of what American civilization had been in its great days. Copan, Quirigua and Palenque, the great cities of the old

Maya empire, were already in ruins and hidden by the encroaching jungle and it is only in the last century that scientists have rediscovered them.

Though science has shown the way, Palenque and the rest of the Old Maya Empire has still to be discovered by the ordinary traveller. Owing to bad communications it is still off the tourist map—and long may it remain so. It was thus in a pioneering spirit that we set off to visit the ruins. Our trip began properly in Villahermosa, capital of the banana-growing state of Tabasco, in southern



Mexico. Here we embarked upon an alarmingly small and rickety plane, flying south-east over vast stretches of swamp and forest towards the distant, blue line of the Chiapas Sierra. In an hour we covered easily country which by any other available means of transport would have meant a wearisome journey of several days; indeed the alternative route to Palenque lay by way of the long, winding Usumacinta river, which we saw gleaming in the sun below us—a packed river-launch would have been our lot had not an air-minded age come to our assistance. As it was, we soon reached the thickly wooded foothills of the Sierra, and, circling down, got our first view of the city. Very fine it looked in its mountain setting, overlooking the wide, flat, densely forested Tabasco plain. We caught a glimpse of white temples on lofty green mounds, and the grey mass of the palace, and then flew off to find a landing-place near the modern village. There were some anxious moments as the pilot had not been to Palenque before, but we were finally brought safely to earth.

A reception committee awaited us in the shape of the mayor and corporation, all mounted and heavily armed. After the usual polite salutations we rode to the village. Our escort, with their wide sombreros and high pommelled saddles, made a splendid cavalcade. Palenque proved to be a pleasant, sleepy little place of palm-thatched houses and wide, grassy streets. We were given lodgings in the best house of the village, differing from its neighbours only in the possession of a corrugated iron roof; its walls consisted of poles plastered over with brown mud. Privacy was non-existent, as the window of the house, innocent of glass, looked out over the main plaza, and across the low sill the villagers freely came and went to gaze at and converse with the strangers. There were wooden shutters, which we were confidentially told to keep closed at night as the family cow had a habit of coming in

by this route! Our host was a wizened old man, almost stone deaf, slightly mad, but delightful and full of old-world courtesy.

We set out for the ruins just after dawn next day with one of the villagers to guide us, and were soon engulfed by the tall, tropical forest, very green and fresh in the early morning sunlight. Magnificent trees lined the narrow track along which our sure-footed ponies picked their way with unerring judgment. The undergrowth was thick, and almost all the trees were festooned with creepers and lianas, many of them smothered in orchids. Large bright butterflies added flashes of colour. An occasional patch of sugarcane, some cacao plants, almost hidden in the thick undergrowth, and trees covered by the vanilla vine hinted at the potential wealth of this rich, almost deserted country. An hour's ride through forest brought us to an open patch, covered with coarse tufty grass, whence we got a glimpse of the mountains, now close at hand. A plunge through more forest, a river which we forded, a climb up a steep, narrow path with the sound of running water in our ears, and finally a clearing with a few mean native huts huddled in the foreground. We had arrived at the ancient city.

Palenque, like all Maya cities, was essentially a religious centre, and probably all the buildings now standing had a religious use. The common folk lived in palm-thatched huts (the remains of which of course have long since disappeared) very like those of the modern inhabitants of this region. The principal building, which we visited first, is the so-called palace. This was undoubtedly the dwelling-place of the priestly rulers of the city. Raised upon a great artificial mound, the buildings of the palace were grouped about four main courtyards, from the centre of one of which rises a three-storied square tower, unique in the Maya area. This was probably used as an astronomical observatory, like the round tower at



Photographs by Lady Diana Gibb

The ruined palace, raised upon an artificial mound, was undoubtedly the dwelling-place of the priestly rulers of Palenque

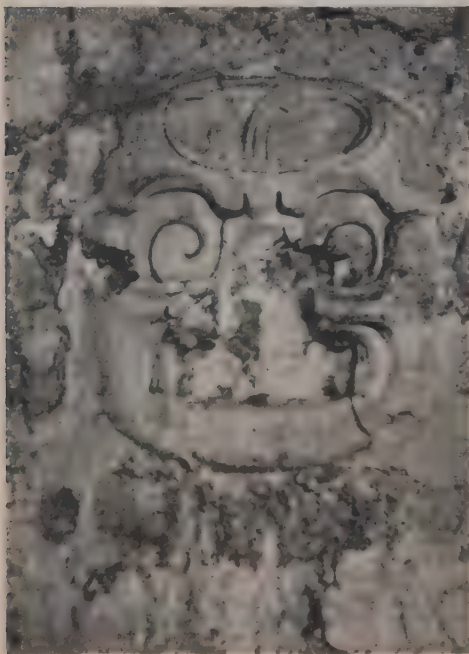


From one of the four courtyards rises a square, three-storied tower: the Mayas, well versed in astronomy, may have used it as an observatory

Cloisters surround the palace courtyards: the balustrades of the steps in the centre are carved with hieroglyphics, while the pillars are decorated with stucco figures



On the back wall of this cloister is a series of grotesque masks, still faintly coloured, fine examples of the stucco work in which the builders of Palenque were specialists



Chichen Itza, Yucatan. The structures flanking the courtyards are formed by two parallel corridors, divided by a thick central wall, pierced at intervals by doorways.

The glory of Palenque is its carving. The outer walls of the palace were decorated by stucco mouldings in bold relief, depicting warriors and priests. These were painted in bright, barbaric colours, and must have looked magnificent under a blazing tropical sun. Enough of this stucco work is left to enable one to judge how good the work of the Maya artists was and how accurate their knowledge of anatomy. In advance of the Egyptians, who could only draw in profile, they had begun to grasp the principles of foreshortening. The interior of the palace was decorated with carved stone tablets set into the walls, grotesque stucco masks and frescoes, the faded remains of which can still be seen. In one of the courtyards there was a beautiful carved stairway.

The rambling palace, on its broad squat mound, formed the centre of the religious city, surrounding which were grouped the temples in which the many gods of the Maya pantheon were worshipped. Despite a hot sun, we visited each one of these in turn. These temples are much alike, differing only in the minor details of their lay-out and in the subject-matter of the carvings with which their interiors were decorated. The essential elements in each case are a lofty pyramidal mound, with a wide ceremonial stairway leading up one side, and on the summit a small single-storied temple building surmounted by a graceful roof-comb. Time, of course, has dealt hardly with these temples, and the mounds are now rounded and grass-covered, with only a trace here and there of the stairway. The temple building in its usual form consisted of an outer portico to which the stairway led, and an inner chamber, this latter sometimes subdivided into several smaller rooms. The inner chamber was the Holy of Holies, and in its back wall were set the carved panels that have made Palenque famous.

The various temples have been named quite arbitrarily by early and not very scientific travellers from the subjects with which their walls were decorated. Thus the temple of the 'Laws' contains great stone tablets covered by inscriptions, in which the law of some Maya Moses may possibly have been contained, although as yet no one has been able to decipher them. More probably, however, these inscriptions record abstract astronomical calculations in which the Maya priesthood much delighted. Many of the tablets have now been removed from the buildings to which they belonged. Thus the famous cross of Palenque is no longer in the temple that bears its name, but has been taken to the National Museum in Mexico City. This cross represents, perhaps, the tree of fertility, the central design being supported on either side by priests, whose heads, as in all the Palenque carvings,



(Above) A hieroglyphic inscription on one of the courtyard walls, and (below) an intricate stone plaque carved in low relief inside the palace



Perched on a high pyramidal base, like all the Palenque temples, stands the 'Temple of the Laves', so called from the great sculptured tablets, covered with hieroglyphics, in the inner sanctuary



The 'Temple of the Sun' is remarkable for its graceful roof-comb, still almost intact



This coloured stucco relief of a priest shows clearly the sandals, head-dress and ceremonial staff



Ola Apenas

A priest from the 'Cross of Palenque', now in the National Museum of Mexico. His artificially elongated skull is typical of the Palenque period

are grotesquely elongated by artificial deformation. In most cases the carvings are surrounded by hieroglyphics.

The Palenque carvings are all in low relief, the technique evidently borrowed from an earlier phase of wood-carving. There is a dignity and feeling about them which is quite amazing when one considers how barbaric the Mayas were in many ways. Their civilization was essentially lop-sided. Ruling over a primitive peasant population was an extremely cultured priesthood, whose mathematical and astronomical knowledge was fully equal, if not superior, to that of their contemporaries in Europe and Asia. Yet in practical matters the Mayas were children. Their civilization was based on agriculture, yet their agricultural methods were most primitive—even the simple device of the wheel eluded them. It was primarily an agricultural need which gave rise to the intense interest of the Maya priesthood in the seasons,

and the invention of the complicated calendar, around which their religious life revolved.

Silent and deserted, Palenque is an impressive relic of a civilization which has now utterly vanished. From the summit of the great palace mound we gazed down on the broad Tabasco plain, potentially so rich with its great rivers and fertile soil, but now abandoned save for a few small villages here and there. At one time fields of waving maize must have stretched to the horizon, supporting a large population, of which the great city in the foothills was the religious centre.

The decline and fall of the Old Maya Empire is wrapped in mystery. The great cities, at the height of their power, seem to have been suddenly deserted, an event which scientists variously attribute to climatic change, war, pestilence, earthquakes and other natural disasters. One theory is that the soil became exhausted as a result of the agricultural methods practised by the Mayas, so that the land could no longer support a large population. There are no signs of degeneration, but just when Maya art was at its peak the Old Maya Empire came to an abrupt end. A branch of the Mayas had found their way to Yucatan at quite an early date, and later there was an efflorescence of culture in that region, during the so-called New Empire of which Chichen Itza, Uxmal and Mayapam were the three great cities. The New Empire, however, in its later stages became subject to Toltec influences from the Valley of Mexico, and the Maya culture underwent a complete change of spirit from which it never recovered.

It was with feelings akin to awe that we left the silent city and rode home through the forest path. Next morning our plane swooped down from a cloudy sky. We boarded it sadly, and, soaring above the forest, watched the blue hills of Palenque fade into the distance.

Bodyguards of Europe

by OSBERT LANCASTER

When Kipling's 'Aerial Board of Control' or its equivalent has replaced the armies of our petty Sovereign States as the final arbiter of force in the world, our descendants may still rejoice in the splendid uniforms and ceremonies that are everywhere associated with the Changing of the Guard. For they represent such unchanging elements in human association as the need for traditional observance, the symbolism of nationhood and cultural continuity, and the childish, essentially harmless delight in 'dressing up'

FROM the earliest times the instinct of self-preservation has led princes and rulers to surround themselves with a body of picked troops whose sole duty is the protection of their master: a fondness for sartorial display, an instinct that psychologists assure us is hardly less deep-rooted, has encouraged them to lavish large sums of money and a considerable invention on the equipment and clothing of these personal paladins. The Praetorian guard of the Caesars, the Varangians who surrounded the Emperors of Byzantium, the Janissaries who were charged with the unenviable task of protecting the person of the Sultan of Turkey, were all distinguished above the common run of warriors by the magnificence of their accoutrement; and up to the time of the Great War their lineal successors lent an air of pomp and grandeur to the daily life of every capital in Europe.

That holocaust, alas, sadly thinned the ranks; the Trabants of Vienna with their halberds and their horse-tail plumes, the Imperial Cossacks of St. Petersburg in their scarlet coats with cartridge pouches of solid gold, the Prussian grenadiers with their high brazen mitres have all marched away down the tracks of the Praetorians to some well-equipped and exclusive Valhalla of their own. However, they have left behind them sufficient of their fellows to maintain the high sartorial tradition in a number of European countries; and the quickening of the instinct of self-preservation that recent political theories have encouraged in several modern rulers has led to the formation of bodies of troops whose

smart uniforms cannot altogether disguise the fact that their principal duty is the one so expressively indicated by the American designation 'trigger-men'.

Of the old bodyguards whose purpose was decorative rather than functional, the corps which is entitled to the first place among those that remain, both on the score of antiquity and by reason of the magnificence of its uniform, is undoubtedly His Majesty's Bodyguard of Yeomen of the Guard. Raised in 1485 by Henry VII from among those who had accompanied the king during his exile and served with him at Bosworth, this body of men forms the oldest existing military unit in the world. Moreover, the costume which they now wear is in essentials the same as that which they have worn almost from the day on which they were raised. No actual evidence exists to indicate the exact details of the uniform with which they were provided by Henry VII, but those who accompanied his son to the Field of the Cloth of Gold were dressed very much like those who walked beside the Royal Coach at the coronation of George VI.

During the early period of their existence, the Yeomen of the Guard accompanied the king on active service, were frequently mounted and were equipped with bows and arrows as well as pikes: the last occasion on which they accompanied the monarch on a campaign was when they went with George II to take part in the war of the Austrian succession, when they were charged with the duties of erecting the royal tent and making the royal

bed. By the middle of the 18th century they had largely lost their military character. However, they continued to be provided with muskets until the sixties of the last century; and their position was not altogether a sinecure, for on two occasions the life of George III was only saved by the prompt intervention of a Yeoman of the Guard. Each time the attempt was made while that sovereign was attending the play and the custom of always having two Yeomen on duty outside the royal box when the monarch was present was only abandoned in the reign of Victoria.

Today the corps, which is recruited exclusively from non-commissioned officers of the regular army, has as its principal duty attendance on the sovereign at state functions, such as coronations, royal weddings, funerals, etc., and one or two other traditional tasks of which the most picturesque is the ritual search of the cellars of the Houses of Parliament for explosives on the eve of every session. Until recently they also enjoyed the distinction of being the only bearded military body in the kingdom, but unfortunately H.M. King Edward VIII saw fit to relieve them of the obligation of keeping their chins unshaven.

The corps with which the Yeomen of the Guard immediately invite comparison, by reason of the similarity of their functions and equipment, is the Swiss Guard of the Vatican. These paladins are not quite so long established as their English equivalents, having been founded in 1506 by Pope Julius II and having made their first public appearance at the laying of the foundation stone of the new basilica of St. Peter's. At that time the Swiss *lands-knechte* were the most celebrated infantrymen in the world and the Pope was not alone in recruiting his personal bodyguard from among them. The kings of both France and Naples continued to employ Swiss guards for many years; the former until the revolution when the corps was wiped out in the defence of the Tuileries and the latter until 1861 when the un-

speakable Bomba, growing suspicious of their loyalty (apparently quite without cause) had most of them massacred by the artillery and sent the rest back to Switzerland.

Today they are still recruited from the Catholic cantons and their uniform, thought by some to have been designed by Michael Angelo, was freed in 1911 from the numerous anachronistic accretions which it had acquired in the 18th and 19th centuries and restored to its original splendour. Unlike the officers of the Yeomen of the Guard, who were provided by William IV with uniforms similar to those worn by the officers of the regular army at that time, the officers of the Swiss Guard still retain, except in undress, a costume more gorgeous than, but similar in date and pattern to that of their men.

Three years younger than the Swiss Guard are His Majesty's Bodyguard of Gentlemen-at-Arms. This body was founded in 1509 by Henry VIII, a splendour-loving monarch who was not content with only a guard of yeomen and wished for an additional corps similar to the *Gardes-du-Corps* of the King of France, recruited from among cadets of noble houses. When they were first raised this new guard was known as the King's Speres and they were a mounted corps attending the king in battle, equipped with poleaxes and wearing full armour. In the following reigns they continued to appear as often on horse as on foot, although the title was soon changed from King's Speres to Gentlemen Pensioners; and they formed the personal bodyguard of the sovereign on active service until the end of the Civil Wars.

At the Restoration they were reconstituted as a personal guard for the sovereign on state occasions and no longer appeared on horseback or in the field. Their uniform at this time, in common with that of the rest of the army, was simply a more ornate version of the ordinary dress of the gentleman of the period. They wore a scarlet coat, a hat with plumes and



Gentlemen-at-Arms mounting guard, with reversed halberds, over the coffin of His late Majesty King George V in Westminster Hall. They are wearing long blue greatcoats with scarlet facings



An inspection of the Swiss Guard in the courtyard of the Vatican

Luce



The Scotsman

The Scottish Archers are the only corps in the world equipped with the bow. On official visits to Scotland, the Sovereign is presented by their Captain with a 'pair' of silver arrows

carried the halberds with which they are armed today; and this costume remained unchanged in essentials until the coronation of George IV.

That monarch, however, was a man of remarkable if a trifle eclectic tastes, and was determined that his coronation should be a truly memorable ceremony and one, moreover, in keeping with the romantic and archaeological enthusiasms of the time. Accordingly he personally supervised the design of a whole new series of costumes for all the officials of the court and realm, as a result of which the Gentlemen Pensioners found themselves provided with a uniform, at £200 a head, which was certainly impressive and, it was hoped, Tudor. However, they did not long enjoy these gorgeous habiliments, as William IV in no way shared his brother's sartorial enthusiasms and one of his first acts was to put the Gentlemen Pensioners into the uniform, similar to that which general

officers wore at that time, which they retain today. The only subsequent change occurred in the reign of Victoria, when the present splendid helmet was substituted for a plumed shako. At the present time the Bodyguard is drawn from the ranks of ex-officers of the regular army and enjoys the privilege of being immediately next to the person of the sovereign on all state occasions, from which it has acquired the title of the 'Nearest Guard'.

In Scotland similar duties are carried out by the the King's Bodyguard for Scotland, the Royal Company of Archers; a body that existed as a company, somewhat similar to the Honourable Artillery Company, in the 17th century but was only accorded the privilege of acting as the Royal Bodyguard in Scotland after the passing of the Act of Union.

The four bodies with whom we have just been dealing all belonged to that class of bodyguard which is reserved for state

occasions and forms no part of the ordinary military establishment, but far more numerous and more familiar to the general public are those regiments of the regular army which exist in almost every country and are distinguished from their fellows by the designation 'Guard' and a more splendid uniform. In certain continental countries, notably in France during the first and second Empires and in pre-war Germany, every branch of the service was represented in the Guards divisions: there were Artillery of the Guard, Lancers of the Guard and even Marines of the Guard; but in England the distinction has been confined to the five (formerly three) regiments of foot guards and the two regiments of Household Cavalry.

Up till the 18th century the foot guards were dressed, as were the other regiments, in uniforms of a cut that was not noticeably different from that prevailing in the civilian dress of the time; the scarlet of their coats and their pipeclayed shoulderbelts were relied on to give a military air. With the accession of the Hanoverians, however, a number of continental military fashions were introduced, of which the most remarkable was the high mitre-shaped cap with which the grenadier companies were provided and which certain regiments of the Prussian and Russian guards retained until 1914. At the beginning of George III's reign this cap was abolished in favour of the bearskin, in a form differing slightly from that worn today, enriched by a brass-plate and numerous cords and tassels.

The next change in uniform was due to that indefatigable sartorial experimentalist George IV, who endowed his guards with yards of gold lace, white trousers and imposing shakos suitably beplumed. In re-equipping his Household Cavalry this lavish prince displayed even greater powers of fantasy and invention and these warriors now appeared in shining cuirasses, vast gold epaulettes and towering bearskins, from which they would inevitably

have lopped off the gigantic white plume and a yard or so of gold lace every time they raised their sabres had not their tunics been thoughtfully designed on such tight lines as to make any such manœuvre impossible. William IV, whose lack of imagination and severely practical mind every amateur of uniforms must always deplore, docked the Household Cavalry of much of their splendour, while the experiences gained in the Crimean War suggested several reforms in the equipment of the foot guards. The latter had departed for that conflict with their full complement of epaulettes and gold lace; on their return these fripperies were abolished together with white duck trousers for summer wear, and the present tunic was substituted for the swallow-tail coat.

Today the most splendidly uniformed body of troops in the world are probably



George Villiers

Drummers of the Coldstream Guards. It has everywhere long been customary for members of the regimental band to be provided with specially elaborate uniforms



A party of Scots Guards. The men on the extreme left are wearing umbrellas.

the picked men of the Hungarian Royal Guards. To the Palace Guard is entrusted the privilege of guarding—in lieu of the person of their sovereign, for Hungary is now a kingdom lacking a king—the Regent, Admiral Horthy; as well as the mummified hand of St Stephen, the first King of Hungary, on its annual journey across Buda from the Palace to the Cathedral. Their fellows of the Crown Guard keep constant watch over the royal crown which the envoys of St Stephen obtained in the year 1000 from Pope Sylvester II; and which, king or no king, remains the symbol of Hungarian nationhood.

In the past Hungary has presented Europe with many of the most striking adjuncts of the military wardrobe, including the bussar jacket and the busby; we need not, therefore, grudge these paladins their existing glory of scarlet leggings, yellow boots and high shining helmets, richly fluted and engraved and topped with heron plumes.

Less exotic, though hardly less impressive, are the Danish Lifeguards, whose uniform, quite apart from its aesthetic merit, has a decided antiquarian interest. The bearskin, in the form retained by this regiment, approximates very closely to that worn by our own army during the Napoleonic wars, although the peak is perhaps slightly more reminiscent of the Austrian grenadier regiments of the same period. They also retain the cross-belts, from which are suspended cartridge-pouch and bayonet, which the English Guards regiments abandoned after the Crimean War. The method of holding the musket is also a survival from the 18th century. This corps enjoys the enviable distinction of possessing the finest background for its daily manœuvres of any regiment in the world; the exquisite 18th-century façades of the four wings of the Amalienborg palace in Copenhagen might have been expressly designed to display the formal intricacies of guard-changing to the best possible advantage.

Splendid as is this setting, it must be admitted that Tessin's noble palace in Stockholm runs it close; only a certain lack of intimacy relegates it to the second place. The King of Sweden's Guards who parade in front of it wear a uniform which in its turn, so rapidly do fashion and political institutions change, has now acquired an antiquarian interest; for the infantry regiment is dressed in uniform indistinguishable to the untrained eye from that of the pre-war Prussian Guard, while the cavalry in full-dress sport a helmet identical with that worn by certain *cuirassier* regiments in the old Imperial German army. This is not



The richly engraved and heron-plumed helmets of the Hungarian Palace Guard. Compare their halberds with those of the Guards on page 107



Bateford

Outside the Amalienborg Palace, Copenhagen: a sentry of the Danish Royal Guard on duty

altogether surprising, free trade always having been the rule in the world of military fashions, and during the years immediately preceding the war Germany was naturally the greatest exporter, so that one finds the *pickelhaube* in places as far apart as Stockholm and Rio de Janeiro.

This being so, it is only to be expected that the most polyglot collection of martial millinery is found in that part of the world where the influence of the great military

powers has been most constantly working: namely, the Balkans. Here the various potentates have from time to time dressed their armies in uniforms modelled on those of pre-war Austria, Germany or Russia in accordance with the policy of alliances which they favoured at the moment; when the foreign policy was changed a corresponding alteration took place in the appearance of the army. Today Rumania, under the rule of a monarch whose en-



Changing the Guard at Stockholm: a relief of the King of Sweden's Household Cavalry

lightened and personal interest in sartorial matters is truly worthy of a great-great-nephew of George IV, is the paradise of the amateur of uniforms. Here survive and flourish all those sabretaches and dolmans, those aiguillettes and cuirasses, those brandenburgs and eagle-crested helms, the implied presence of which always lent such a spice to the works of the late Sir Anthony Hope and which in fact added so palpable a glitter to the performance of the

earlier operettas of the talented Mr Lehar.

The present full-dress uniforms of the Rumanian Guards regiments show, which is not surprising as they date from the time of the first Hohenzollern king of that country, a marked Prussian influence; the helmets, it will be noticed, being almost identical, save for their plumes, with those of the Swedish Guard.

With the passing of the old empires newer influences have begun to work, and

today the French steel helmet for active service and the black beret are reminders of France's rather battered Near-Eastern alliances. So far Rumania has set a splendid example in not sacrificing the decorative aspects of military life to purely utilitarian considerations, but how long she will continue to be in a position to do so remains uncertain. Already an army order has been issued that has caused grave concern to many of us; in future, it is announced, the wearing of monocles will only be permitted in the cases of officers having an oculist's prescription: *Delenda est Ruritania!*

While Greece can in no way compete with the variety of uniforms to be found in Rumania, she can nevertheless boast a Guards regiment whose appearance on parade is not only in the highest degree picturesque but also unique among the troops of Europe. The *Evzones*, or *Ev-*

zonoi, to give them their correct plural, were originally bands of irregular troops from the highlands of Greece who, wearing their national costume of which the most distinctive feature is the pleated linen skirt called a *fustanella*, took part in the war of independence. With the establishment of the Greek monarchy they were incorporated in the infantry of the line, where they remained until 1867 when they were re-established as separate units. Of these a certain number of men are chosen by the vote of their comrades to serve in the Royal Guard and the Model Battalion, or *Protipon Tagma*, constituted on the occasion of the centenary of Greek Independence, and are distinguished from their fellows by a special richness of apparel and such details as the curved swords of their officers.

Of the military costume of other countries of the Balkan peninsula lack of space prevents detailed description; but a word



Rumania's Royal Guards rival any in decorative splendour. The helmets of these trumpeters seem, like those of the Swedish Guards, to owe a debt to pre-war Potsdam

By courtesy of the Rumanian Legation



The fustanella sported by the Greek Evzoni is a meridional version of the Highlander's kilt

must be said in passing on the Bulgarian Royal Guard, a soldierlike and splendid body of men. Bulgaria was fortunate in having for her second ruler in modern times Ferdinand of Coburg, a prince in whom the Coburg tendency to parsimony was neutralized by a feeling for a proper splendour and dignity in the trappings of monarchy, derived no doubt from his Bourbon forebears, and who was possessed, moreover, of both a cultivated taste and the leisure in which to apply it; two advantages of which the second was certainly denied to his unhappy predecessor, Alexander of Battenberg. As a result, the court and garrison of Sofia were properly and richly apparelled, and, although the recent history of the country has forced certain economies upon Ferdinand's son and successor, the royal guard at least retain a smart and picturesque uniform.



Here worn by a sentry of the Bulgarian Royal Guard, the hussar jacket, of Hungarian origin, was widely adopted during the Napoleonic wars

So far all the uniforms which we have discussed are to be found in countries enjoying a monarchical system of government; but, while it is only natural to expect that such countries should display the greatest and richest variety, it must not be assumed that republics are altogether immune from fondness for a little harmless military display. The rich field of South American military fashions is one that must in this article be left untilled and we must content ourselves with drawing attention to the noble appearance of that splendid body of men, the *Garde Républicaine*. To the average person it may sometimes seem that the sole function of this corps is the almost continuous rendering of *La Bataillon Sambre et Meuse* from Radio-Paris, but such is far from being the case. The *Garde* are a semi-military, semi-police body, lineal descendants of the *Gendarmerie* of the *Garde Impériale*, and, divided into infantry and cavalry, form the guard on all state occasions, accompany the President on visits to Longchamps and provide the sentries outside the *Élysée*. The mounted men wear a uniform of a dragoon type with a crested helmet adorned with a long horse-tail similar to that formerly worn by the *Cuirassiers* under the First and Second Empires; the infantry sport epaulettes and a shako of Second Empire design ornamented with a red pom-pom.

Before leaving France mention must be made of the army of H.R.H. the Prince of Monaco, which, although it numbers only sixty-one officers and men all told, has a splendid and original uniform. In general design it is not dissimilar to that of the infantry of the *Garde Républicaine* but is notable for the skilful use made of parti-coloured aiguillettes and the really remarkable sky-blue pith-helmet, a form of headgear that is, so far as my knowledge goes, unique among the military forces of Europe.

Up to this point the uniforms that I have dealt with have all been traditional in



Fox Photos

The heavy cavalry of Napoleon's Cuirassiers have bequeathed an impressive uniform, including the crested helmet adorned with a long horse-tail, to their successors of the Garde Républicaine



Although the Principality of Monaco has never cherished any very martial ambitions, her 61 soldiers have all seen active service in the French Army. On the right is a specimen of their remarkable sky-blue pith-helmet

*Ranged on the steps
of the monument
to King Victor Em-
manuel II at Rome:
the Royal Cuiras-
siers who attend
upon his grandson*



*The Italian Cara-
binieri are one of
the few corps to
retain the 19th-
century swallow-
tail coat and the
only corps still to
wear the Napo-
leonic tricorne hat*

Giuseppe M. M. M.





Wide World

Evolution from the shirt upwards is the latest development in bodyguard uniforms. (Above) The picked Blackshirts entrusted with the safety of the Duce. (Below) Men of the Todtenkopf Abteilung who guard the Führer from both Marxist bullets and the too-lustily thrown bouquet



Planet News

character, but there exist today in the two great authoritarian states bodyguards whose costumes owe little or nothing to tradition but have evolved in accordance with their specialized functions. Hitherto the foundation of all military uniforms has been the tunic; but in Italy and to a lesser extent Germany this has been replaced by the shirt. The first appearance of the shirt as a principal feature of military costume occurred among Garibaldi's supporters in South America and followed the liberators to Italy, where henceforth it occupied an honoured place in the national wardrobe. It was not, therefore, surprising that Signor Mussolini should have revived it for his legions, and the change from red to black was doubtless dictated on both economic and ideological grounds. When, however, it came to picking a select body of men from among the general mass of his supporters to act as the Duce's personal bodyguard, it was soon found that, in order to distinguish them from their fellows, recourse had to be made to slightly more elaborate trappings, and the tunic returned. The origin of the curious fringed fez which, next to the blackshirt, is the most noticeable feature of the Fascist costume, I am, I confess, at a loss to explain; certainly it bears little or no relation to any known form of military or civil headgear and one can only assume that it is the result of a slightly operative whimsy working on the foundation of the old-fashioned forage cap.

Although in Italy the picked corps of the Fascist militia rather tends to absorb the limelight it must not be assumed that older and more picturesque military units have been suppressed. Of these the Royal Cuirassiers are perhaps the most striking and the *Carabinieri* the most familiar. The former, sometimes known as the *Centi Guardî*, are a corps modelled on the lines of the famous *Cent Gardes* of Napoleon III, and their duties include the protection of and attendance on the Sovereign. The latter are a body of men similar in function

and constitution to the Garde Républicaine and are of great interest as being the only existing military unit in Europe to retain the tricorné of Napoleonic times, ornamented on gala occasions with a striking red and white plume.

In post-war Germany the shirt was elevated to a position of importance similar to that which it attained in Italy, but the colour was of so singularly unpleasant a hue that it was not surprising that when the S.S. (*Schutz Staffel*) guards were raised they were supplied with a smart black tunic piped with white, which concealed most of the shirt. The actual bodyguard of the Führer consists of a picked body of men, selected from this already élite corps, rejoicing in the name of the *Todtenkopf Abteilung*. These men wear the usual S.S. uniform with black helmets of the new German pattern, and the addition of such traditional trimmings as aiguillettes, etc.

Today, when we have so recently recovered from the latest war scare, such a survey as this may perhaps be thought to be a flippant and unnecessary glorification of the military, unduly underlining the pomp and wilfully concealing the menace. Rather am I of the opinion that it strikes a blow for pacifism, for could the armies of the world only be side-tracked into a struggle for sartorial supremacy how much happier, and incidentally richer, we should all be. It is a significant fact that military uniforms attained to their highest degree of elaboration and fantasy in the years between the Congress of Vienna and the Crimea, the longest period of general peace that the continent of Europe has ever enjoyed. Could we only encourage a tremendous revival of cuirasses and shakoes, of plumes and dolmans, of epaulettes and plastrons, who knows but that the great nations of Europe might not soon enjoy conditions as peaceful and as picturesque as those so happily prevailing in the Vatican City and the Principality of Monaco?



Dufaycolor photograph

Nelly's, Athens

The Greek Army has several battalions of Evzonoi ('well-girded ones'), who wear the national costume. Picked men of these form the Royal Guard at Athens



Humphrey Spender

The Royal Horse Guards, familiarly known as the 'Blues', were first raised after the Civil War

Dufaycolor photograph



Dufaycolor photograph

Humphrey Spender

The 'Yeomen of the Guard' are the oldest military unit in the world, having been formed in 1485



Dufaycolor photographs

The Palace Guards of Hungary are responsible for the safety of the King (now the Regent) and are housed, like—

—the Crown Guards, who mount guard day and night over the Holy Crown of Saint Stephen, in the Royal Palace of Buda



Photographs by Robert Farago

La Martinique

by ALEC WAUGH

Mr Waugh, like Lafcadio Hearn in the late 'eighties, succumbed to the spell of Josephine's island. Such is its charm for the sensitive observer that he is able to forget its abundance of deadly snakes, its liability to hurricanes and the cloud-veiled menace of the great volcano which, on May 8, 1902, wiped out St Pierre in 45 seconds

THEY call it 'le pays des Revenants'. There is a play on the word 'revenant', I fancy. Martinique is a country of ghosts. But it is a country, too, that lays a spell upon the traveller, recalling him across the miles and years.

Perhaps it is the ghosts that lay that spell. In the centre of the town of Fort de France stands, guarded by sentinel palms, the white statue of Josephine. She is wearing the dress of the First Empire: her shoulders and her arms are bare. One hand rests upon her girdle, the other upon a high medallion bearing Napoleon's profile. Her head is turned towards the village of her birth, Trois-Islets. It is an exquisite piece of work. Standing there in the centre of the *Savane* round which so much of the business and social life of the island circles, it invests the prosaic occupations of the town with glamour. Nothing is left of the stone-built city that her childhood knew. Her eyebrows would lift incredulously were she to walk today past the ordinary wood-frame houses. "But this", she would exclaim, "is not Fort Royal." It is not. Fort Royal was destroyed by earthquake. The rebuilt Fort de France is neither more nor less than a dozen other Caribbean cities: straight streets and honking horns; a cathedral spire above corrugated iron roofs: sunlight and heat and noise and a blue horizon. It is no more picturesque than Castries or St John. But though the Fort Royal of Josephine is so much rubble, the ghost of her romantic destiny lingers above its square.

Northwards, twenty-five miles or so, under the crested shadow of a volcano, is another ghost: the ghost of a city, the city

of St Pierre: the loveliest and gayest city of the Antilles, whose life and gaiety thirty-six years ago were wiped out in forty-five seconds on the bright morning of a *jour de fête* by a cloud of scorching gas. The



By courtesy of the French Line

In the centre of the Savane of Fort de France stands the exquisite statue of Josephine, one hand resting upon a medallion of Napoleon

memoirs of many travellers, in particular the essays of Lafcadio Hearn, have paid tribute to the beauty, under the tropic sun, of its red-tiled roofs, its lemon-coloured walls, its green shutters, its green verandahs. It was set like a Greek stage in the amphitheatre of encircling hills. Its narrow streets ran steeply, 'breaking into steps as streams break into waterfalls'. Its *jardin des plantes* was in Hearn's opinion one of the wonders of the world. The crescent of the harbour was white with schooners. The waterfront was crowded with bustling, chattering natives; the women on Sundays and on fête days gaudy with scarves and headdresses, with ear-rings and bright bead necklaces. All day the eye was charmed. All day and night the ear was soothed by the sound of water—of rain water in the runnels, of fountains in the hidden gardens—the water that cooled the city through the long midday heat. An enchanted city, a city of carnival; and in forty-five seconds the work of three centuries was destroyed.

There are ghosts, many other ghosts in Martinique. History often touched there in the days when the sugar islands 'held the gorgeous West in fee'. The Caribbean was then the focus of European colonial policy. Battle after battle was fought for the possession of estates that

appear so embarrassingly now upon the debit side of the imperial balance sheet. In particular there is the gallant exploit of Diamond Rock, held for eighteen months with a bare six score seamen. But such ghosts in the Antilles are familiar visitants. Most of the islands have been at one time or another the background of wars and revolutions, from the days of the buccaniers up till the final fall in Cuba of Spanish power. Many flags have flown from the forts that guard their harbours. It is the romantic destiny of a woman, the tragic destiny of a city that in Martinique appeal so particularly to the imagination. 'The places', Somerset Maugham has written, 'where men have loved or suffered keep about them always some faint aroma of something that has not wholly died. It is as though they had acquired a spiritual significance which mysteriously affects those who pass.'

But possibly that is too fanciful an explanation for the spell that Martinique undoubtedly does cast upon the traveller. Possibly the explanation is far simpler, and that the excitement with which one walks for the first time along the edge of the Savane is no more than the delighted surprise of discovering a French atmosphere so many thousand miles from France.

For Fort de France is French, pre-eminently. French in its brightness, its colour, its animation; in its café life, its lack of rules, its strict family discipline, in its sense of freedom. The French colonial system is based on the Roman pattern. Martinique is a department of France, sending its representatives to the Paris parliament. Since the fall of the monarchy the French have not drawn a colour line. They have valued and encouraged the local flavour as much in Martinique as in Provence. The natives are Martiniquais: but they are French as well. French officialdom has accepted the local atmosphere, merging in it, not imposing its own prejudices. Martinique has not been standardized.





Photo Vager

Martinique rum, distilled from cane sugar, is known the world over, and that of the Plantations St James is perhaps the most famous of all. If its production should become mechanized the little bullock carts, immemorial method of transport, would soon be banished from Martinique's excellent roads.

Vager





Pierre Verger

Reapers with cutlasses and women binders will shortly be at work in the cane plantation shown above; while the field below, seen against a background of hills and trees which is typical of Martinique and at the same time surprisingly untropical, is in an early stage of cultivation

Pierre Verger





Pierre Verser

In the courtyard of a country estate near Le Carbet a native woman feeds her assortment of fowls: poultry is reared extensively in Martinique, where meat is scarce and expensive

One of the charms of the Caribbean is the different atmosphere that is to be found in every island. It is not simply that the English islands are different from the Dutch, American or French. Each island is separate and distinct. The caprice of history and climate has made an English island like Dominica as different from Antigua as India is from Borneo: and the differences between the three main English islands, Barbados, Jamaica, Trinidad would provide the material for a well-documented volume. Each island has its own characteristics, the outcome of its own separate fate, and to Martinique fate was generous. What seemed at the time its greatest misfortune proved in the end its greatest blessing. At the very start of the Napoleonic wars Martinique was captured

by the English. In consequence it was spared the calamities attendant upon the revolution that broke completely the social and cultural traditions of those two sister buttresses of the French colonial empire—Guadeloupe and Haiti. A British possession during those years of revolution, Martinique was never disrupted by civil war and slave revolt. Her life continued relatively undisturbed through the revolution, through the Napoleonic wars.

It is ten years since I spent the first half of a winter in Martinique, but I cannot imagine that during those ten years any very marked change can have taken place in the character of the island's life. I imagine that today just as much as then the traveller would be struck by the contrast between the undoubted prosperity of



Pierre Venger

The cheerful features beneath the straw hat are more Negroid than is usual in Martinique, for the natives are a mixture of many strains



Pierre Verger

A dazzling turban, brooches, immense earrings light as egg-shells and a necklace of hollow beads are worn by the girls for grand occasions

the island and the islanders, and the complete absence of those usual appurtenances of prosperity—smart hotels, bathing-pools, country clubs, golf courses.

There is no tourist life in Martinique. There is no attempt to cater for the tourist. There are one or two small hotels in Fort de France. There is a hotel of a kind in St Pierre. But in the country there is no accommodation. There are taxi touts hanging about the post office, but there are no organized expeditions. There are no athletics. I arrived there with letters of introduction and consequently was able to mix to some extent in the life of the French residents. But I found no equivalent for the country club atmosphere of the English or American colony. The island is indifferent to the presence or the absence of the tourist. The few rich families who own and administer the island are not dependent on tourist traffic. Their wealth is dependent upon trade. Their towns are, as a result, not so much social as administrative centres. They are places where people work, not play. And the hotels are filled with those who come to the island for business reasons. Very little has been written about Martinique because for the majority of travellers Martinique is Fort de France: a port, a four hours' call on a fourteen-day journey: the scene of an uncomfortable two days' wait for a connecting boat. Which is one of the reasons why those who have stayed there prize so highly the memories of their stay.

In no place that I have visited, with the exception of Tahiti, is it not only so possible, but so essential to mix with and to become a part of the local native life: in no place is it so essential to avoid the town and get oneself a bungalow in the country. Martinique is agricultural. To enjoy Martinique you must live where its real life is being lived, in the districts. The kind of life that is lived there is admirably explained by the photographs that illustrate this article. Martinique is a world of fishermen and plantation workers.

From the verandah of the bungalow that I rented, some ten miles along the coast road to St Pierre, I looked over 'the bright blue meadow of a bay' whose surface every few hundred yards was calmed by a circle of floating corks, from which fishing-nets hung low into the water. In the morning I would watch the boatmen drawing those nets in to shore. When I walked in the afternoon along the high cliffs guarding the steep indented valleys, I could see on the sand before the huts the nets hanging out on stakes to dry. At all hours of the day along the coast road, the fish would be borne in baskets on the heads of women.

The life of these women has been described by Lafcadio Hearn in the most famous of his essays on Martinique, *Les Porteuses*. Superb athletes, every muscle trained, they walk with a fast swinging stride, covering their twenty or thirty miles a day; their backs erect, the burden never swaying as they stride. They start at dawn. They reach their goal by sunset. They are one of the most memorable features of life in Martinique. The visitor ten years ago, as fifty years ago, was startled by the spectacle when his liner docked, of a horde of blackened women scuttling backwards and forwards from a coal dump with baskets of coal upon their heads. (I am told that in these days of oil the old method of coaling is extinct, but of that I am not certain.) But these *charbonnières* are to the *porteuses*, in Hearn's simile, as the cart horse to the race horse. As the *charbonnières* at Fort de France touch one of the lowest, the *porteuses* touch one of the highest human levels on the athletic plane. The *charbonnières* are beasts of burden, the *porteuses* have not only a pride of bearing but a pride of caste. It is possible that motor transport will supersede the *porteuses*. If it does the earth will be the poorer by a noble spectacle.

It is possible too that mechanized agriculture will alter the familiar and, one had thought, immemorial atmosphere of the



Pierre Verger

Pierre Verger

The fishing village is a little cluster of cottages on the shore: much of the fisherman's time is occupied in the careful mending of his nets

Towards evening the nets are run out from the boats at intervals along the bay: suspended from a string of corks, they are drawn into circles and are generally left overnight





Pierre Verger

Launching the boat in the surf requires both strength and skill. The expedition may bring back many queer things to show the villagers—monstrosities such as the ‘coffre-fish’, shaped like a box, the ‘needle-fish’, the round, boneless ‘wine-cask’, and prodigious cuttle-fish and conger eels

Pierre Verger





In the afternoon the nets are hung out to dry on tall bamboo poles

cane-fields: the long spears of cane; the natives in their wide-brimmed straw hats, hacking with their long-bladed *machettes*; the little bullock carts upon the road, the negroes jogging into market on their mules.

Everywhere there is a busy, noisy, chattering activity. The sun is shining; but the sky is cloud-flecked: across some high hill or other a rainbow will be curving. The rainless day is as rare as the sunless day. It is hot, but no hotter than the Riviera is in summer. And it seems cooler. The rain gives a green freshness to the fields. There is no equivalent for the parched browns of the Riviera. Work does not seem an infliction in that climate; work seems less labour than occupation.

There is not the same air of happiness that you encounter in Tahiti. There are not the same smiling greetings. But that is scarcely to be expected. This is not a people after all with long traditions of freedom, with the dignity of freedom. Their ancestors were slaves. Their faces wear a surly look. Nor is there the same child-like gaiety about their amusements.

In every village there will be cock-fighting on Sunday afternoons. In Martinique and in St Pierre there are *gallodromes*, but to see cock-fighting at its most typical one should see it in a village

street where the ring surrounding the combatants moves backwards and forwards following the vicissitudes of the fight, from one end of the village to the other, and the cocks stumble in drains and gutters. Cock-fighting is the national sport. It is a hilarious spectacle: but not a cruel one, for the animals are rarely killed—myself I never saw one killed. Its brutality lies not in the sport itself but in the strained excitement of the audience. It is a fierce, barbaric tension; very similar to the barbaric tension of the dancing. Their *danse du pays* has none of the gentleness of the Polynesian Hula dancing. It is an affair of drums and gesture.

When I saw Martinique for the first time I was on my way to the Pacific. Here, I might find, I thought, a less far Tahiti; a French island as far north of the line as Tahiti is south of it. But actually no two islands could be less alike. There is no softness, no gentleness about the life of Martinique. But equally there is not the melancholy inseparable from the high mountains and deep valleys of Moorea. One feels sad in the Marquesas in a way that one never does in Martinique. Martinique is a smiling island. It has that intrinsic quality that more than anything the traveller values—the sense of being itself, of giving in its own way something that no other island can.

Places and Products

IV. Danube Caviar

by PHILIP THORNTON

Previous articles in this series have dealt with English and relatively familiar products. Now we turn to one which, despite its uncongeniality to 'the general' (British troops on the Caspian in 1918 referred to their caviar ration as 'this 'ere — fish-jam') is widely consumed; and yet is produced in so out-of-the-way a spot, and by so odd a set of people, that the following account of them will surprise many of its consumers

THOUGH it is popularly believed that most caviar comes from Russia, few people are aware that the word does not exist in the Russian language. A small and extremely remote fishing-town on the most northern of the three Danube mouths provides about half the supply of caviar consumed in Europe. The Russians still claim that their Astrakhan caviar is the best flavoured in the world, but Valcov can produce a brand that compares very favourably with it.

Valcov is inhabited almost completely by a sect of Russians called the Lipovani. The story of how they arrived in Valcov and why they ever left Russia is a subject worthy of a historical novel. During the 17th century the Russian Orthodox Church underwent certain liturgical and ceremonial 'reforms'. A vast number of people objected to these innovations and promptly split off from the main body of the Church, calling themselves the Old Believers. Persecution and victimization followed their action, and as years went by the Old Believers themselves were fated to be split and resplit into over twenty subsidiary sects.

When Bessarabia became Russian territory, the Government saw fit to colonize the Danube Delta with Old Believers. It was the obvious way of ridding the country of a troublesome sect. Some hundreds were sent to Valcov, and there they have lived in peace, catching sturgeon and making caviar, which they call *ikra*.

Though the doctrinal beliefs of the two bodies are not similar, the Lipovani have many practices in common with the Pilgrim

Fathers who left England to escape ecclesiastical persecution. They are not supposed to drink, swear, smoke or give money in usury. I was deeply impressed by the orderliness and genuine piety of the people. Their houses are kept spotlessly clean and a system of Christian Communism is used to the good effect of sharing all profits among the needy or aged.

In spite of all these virtues, I noticed that some of the men had forsaken their Law of Abstinence and drank enormous quantities of *tuica* (plum brandy); the younger men have also taken to shaving their beards and cutting their hair. The hospitality of the Lipovani is the most treasured memory of a visit to their town. I arrived in Valcov as a total stranger,



armed with a letter of introduction from a *popa* (priest) of the sect in Galați. Nobody asked any questions. I was a friend of one of their own people and that was quite enough. A giant—well over six-foot-three—called Chrysostom Stanislav came and offered me the shelter of his house “as long as it shall please you to stay”. He had four sons and a daughter, but his wife was dead. She had been frozen to death one winter. “A slip through the thin ice, nobody heard her calling,” explained Chrysostom.

Their house like the others was clean and smelt of fish. Everything in Valcov smells of fish: houses, shops, clothes and inhabitants.

The town of Valcov is not on the open sea; it stands at the head of a delta of streams that cut up the land for six miles, in a maze of swamps and islands. There are no proper streets in Valcov; you go shopping by boat, paddling along the canals that are overhung with great willows. The heat in summer is almost tropical, in winter the cold is equally severe, freezing the Danube from shore to shore.

In the middle of the town, near the bridge, stand two sheds. They are the Rumanian Government's weighing and inspection sheds, where the fish—sturgeon—are brought to have their roe extracted. The caviar industry is not a State monopoly, but a tax is levied on each catch. There is a co-operative organization in force at Valcov, whereby the fishermen are grouped in parties, each party fishing a certain area of water allotted to it.

There are three types of fish from which the roe is extracted; the great sturgeon, the star sturgeon and the Black Sea sturgeon. Quite apart from the caviar industry the fishermen catch enormous quantities of herring, grayling, gudgeon, plaice and *stavrîde*. Further up-river there are about a dozen varieties of fresh-water fish that are netted with seines and ground bait. I saw a curious fish brought in one

morning and was told that its name was *smudzh*. It looked like a huge turbot, but had a black back covered with red growths the size of half a tomato.

On the second day after my arrival at Valcov, Chrysostom and two of his sons took me on a fishing expedition to the mouth of the central channel that runs through the delta. We set off in two boats shortly after dawn and rowed downstream for three miles to a spot where the land was only a few inches above the water. The scenery in the Delta is unique. One might easily be rowing through a tropical mango swamp in West Africa; the vegetation has the same luxurious growth and there is an air of decay and wanton abundance. As we passed down the water-ways I saw literally thousands of birds—storks, egrets, gulls, wild duck and ibis. They moved about in the misty half light feeding and calling in raucous armies. When the sun got up in the heavens, the birds vanished silently into the dense hedges of reeds and overhanging willows. So rapid and so sodden is the growth of these trees that their timber is fit for nothing. It will not even make good firewood.

At the top of a creek we came to a curious encampment of huts perched on the top of piles driven into the oozy sand. These shelters belonged to the Stanislav family and were used by them when on fishing expeditions. The appearance of the huts, with their reed roofs and primitive construction, reminded me even more forcibly of African lakeside dwellings, the only difference being that these Lipovani constructions were flanked by willows and not by mangoes and banana trees. Each shelter was made like a dog-kennel with a side opening where you climbed in and pulled down a flap of crude mosquito netting. I was destined to sleep in one of these kennels, and found them far more snug and comfortable than their appearance would lead one to suppose.

We first sorted out five long lines of



The Danube caviar fishery, of which Valcov with its watery 'streets' is the centre, is conducted by Russians. A fisherman and his son ready to embark on an expedition

Photographs by A. Costa



The best caviar must be despatched fresh. After washing and sifting it is sealed down in tins, which are then placed in large boxes and conveyed by boat, steamer and rail to Bucharest



The creeks of the Danube Delta flow between banks of luxurious vegetation: the growth of the trees is so rapid and sodden that their timber is hardly fit for firewood

hooks and two seine nets before setting out again to lay the lines across the channel. The process of catching one type of sturgeon is very cunning—it is simply a clever exploitation of the fish's insatiable desire to find something on which he can give his back a good scrape. I was told that the sturgeon has a habit of routing about in the deep slime in search of food, and that when he wishes to get clean again he rubs himself on any sharp or pointed surface. The hooks offer a deadly opportunity for a good scratch and before the

sturgeon realizes what has happened, the point of the hook has penetrated the flesh beneath the scales. Infuriated by this stab, the fish lashes about, only to find himself literally surrounded by hooks; the more he fights the more pitiable becomes his plight, for the fishermen slacken the lines as soon as they see any sign of the sturgeon's approach. The hooks are like a large S pointed at each end, fixed by a thread tied round the middle of the curve, so that both points hang free of the line.

The seine nets, called *setci*, are used to

catch the shoals of small fish that are preyed upon by the sturgeon. Besides the lines of hooks there is a special method for catching the star sturgeon, a smaller and more delicate fish with beautiful colouring. A fine line with a spinning bait—called *priboane*—is trawled very slowly and the fish take the hook in the same way that mackerel are caught on our own shores.

During the heat of the day, we went ashore and slept until the late afternoon, when the boats were launched again for the evening's catch. So far the men had not had any luck with the lines, but by dusk they were rewarded with two enor-

mous fish that put up a great fight. One of the sturgeon was well over nine feet long, and had a mouth that looked big enough to accommodate a man's head. Its struggles were so violent and the boat shipped so much water that we had to despatch it with a stab through the head.

Our supper that evening was a thick fish soup, flavoured with rancid milk and garlic, a loaf of black bread and a few pickled herrings. The men ate ravenously, speaking little, for they were tired out and had not fed since early morning. The soup defeated me, but I enjoyed the bread and herrings.



During their expeditions the fishermen sleep in huts made like dog-kennels and perched on piles. Once inside, they protect themselves with flaps of crude mosquito netting



Three types of sturgeon are caught to provide caviar, and the fish themselves are considered good eating. These of the Black Sea variety, gutted and bereft of their roe, are being taken down a canal to the market

The next morning we set off home, having first removed the stomachs of the sturgeon to search among the contents for the young fish that are salted and pickled in tubs. I was given a net like a fine-meshed string bag and the stomach contents were squeezed into it. Then the bag was swished about in the water to wash the little fish clean of the muck and debris that surrounded them. The fish were all about the size of sardines, silvery scaled and in perfect condition. Personally I should not fancy the second-hand contents

of a sturgeon's stomach however cleverly pickled or prepared, but it appears that they are consumed with relish by Rumanian gourmets.

At the Government weighing house we were met by the other Stanislav brothers, who helped to carry the fish ashore and asked many questions about my behaviour on the trip. The fact that I had not cap-sized the boat or fallen overboard seemed to surprise them considerably.

The fish were first weighed whole and then removed from the scales and stretched



Among the contents of the sturgeon's stomach are silvery fish the size of sardines, a popular Rumanian delicacy. Thoroughly cleansed, they are salted and pickled and tightly packed in barrels



A Lipovan fisherman proudly displays his catch, a fine adult star sturgeon and two young ones on the floor of his shed



Ikra, a fine brand of caviar, is first squeezed from the payus, the bag in which it lies, and then carefully sifted with frequent swillings of Danube water



On Petropavlovsk island live the monks of the Old Believers, the dissenting sect with which the Russians colonized the Delta. Frail, poor and half-starved, they are a most pathetic community

on the floor of the shed. A neat swift slash opens the side where the caviar lies hidden in its *payus*, or caul. The *payus* looks very like a semi-transparent rubbery bag, stuffed tight with the roe granules and covered on the outside with a network of fine blood-vessels. With great care this bag of caviar is lifted to the scales and weighed twice, once for the Government and once for the fishermen. According to the registered weight a tax is imposed. The *payus* is cut up and eaten raw by the Lipovani who regard it as a delicacy of great health-giving properties.

There are three quite different ways of preparing caviar. The coarsest forms are called *payusnaya*—from the word *payus*—the finer brands are called *ikra*. When the *payus* has been slit open the roe is squeezed out and sifted in a sieve with frequent swillings of Danube water. This sifting separates the roe from the fine filaments and bits of membrane that tear away from the *payus*. The caul is very rich in iodine, and certainly has remarkable properties if one can judge the effect of its regular consumption by the robust good health of the fishermen.

After the sifting and swilling the roe is packed into tins and sealed down. It is now quite ready to eat and is roughly worth thirty shillings a kilo.

Another method of preparation is the pickling of the complete, unsifted roe in brine. After seven months it is taken out, washed and packed tightly into barrels. This is the cheapest form of caviar; one sees it on sale in Bucharest at a few shillings

the kilo; in London the same stuff sells at three shillings the portion!

The third method is, in its early stages, like the first. The roe is washed and sifted but is then packed very tightly into square tins and put into presses where the moisture is extracted by squeezing. This sort of caviar is known commercially as 'compressed' or hard caviar, and is popular in England.

Once the roe has been obtained, very little need be done to it before it is ready for sale, and it may seem that the Lipovani earn very easy money. But one must not forget the extremely hard lives they lead, the complete uncertainty of their work and the endless initial toil that it entails.

On Petropavlovsk island near the town is the little monastery of the Old Believers. Here you may see the most pathetic community of men in the world. They are all so frail and poor that one wonders how they ever manage to live through the winter. Living on bread, water and occasional fish dishes, they preserve the ancient worship of the Church their company forsook three hundred years ago. In the modern world of chaos and hatred, you may still be greeted on landing at this flowered island with the traditional "*Spasi Bog*" (God save you), to which the beautiful answer is, "*Na spaseniye*" (to your salvation).

Long may Valcov and its monastery live on, to afford one spot where, though there may be hardship and sorrow, yet there is always peace.

The Anatomy of Exploration

by J. M. SCOTT

The Royal Geographical Society gives material or moral support to nearly all British explorers of note. The cream of their experience is embodied in a compendious handbook entitled Hints to Travellers, the second volume of which contains information of the greatest value not only to explorers but to all who travel in unfamiliar conditions. This admirable work forms the basis of the following article by the author of The Life of Gino Watkins

THE Elizabethan voyagers who are for ever being praised for their hardiness and courage had at least one advantage over the travellers of today. They could do their exploring in countries richer and more equable than their own—and there were plenty to choose from. Whereas the modern traveller, if he sees a blank space on the map, knows it must represent an entirely bleak and cheerless region, for otherwise it would long ago have been explored and exploited.

The logical question arises: Why be so keen to go to a place where no one else has been before? Is Romance more important than physical comfort? The answer of course, is very definitely, No; but unfortunately Results are more important than either. To visit these out-of-the-way countries at all, you need—for financial if not for political reasons—the blessing of such scientific institutions as the Royal Geographical Society. You won't win that unless they feel sure that you will get results; and it is far easier to bring back first results than make the gleanings of a second expedition look imposing. For instance, to improve an existing map is a minute, laborious and mathematical fatigue, very liable to criticism and entirely void of honour. But a visitor to the Unknown may sit at ease on his sledge or his camel, taking pot shots with a prismatic compass at such geographical features as take his fancy, and return home to find himself a hero.

He need not be uncomfortable either, even though by civilized standards the scene of his exploration is bleak and cheerless. The intelligent traveller, who follows

the same principle of clothing as the native, who studies his diet, perhaps with the aid of science improving on it, and who is unbiassed enough to copy whatever is useful in the native mode of life, should be able to work at least as efficiently on the desert or the Ice Cap as he can at home. That should be his first object in preparing for an expedition, for though luxury is a mill-stone on the trail, you cannot draw a good map with hands that are trembling with cold.

To increase the efficiency of explorers in these and similar ways the Royal Geographical Society publishes a two-volume work called *Hints to Travellers*. A new edition of the second volume has just been published, and it is the foundation of this article. The technique of travel has been changing so rapidly that this new edition is really a new book. It is edited by Mr A. R. Hinks, the Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, who has picked the brains of 'many distinguished travellers', and disciplined their ideas into a state of orderliness which must surprise many of these bold explorers. For the sake of brevity these 'hints' have as a rule been put into the imperative, and authorities on the same country often have very different ideas. But as the editor remarks, 'At least it ought to make people think'. It should do more. If they have imagination it should make them excited.

For here is a cavalcade of travel animals—yaks, sledge dogs, camels, llamas and all the rest; a feast of strange foods, from native messes to the concentrated tabloids of modern science; a cosmopolitan mannequin parade; a number of articles on what



Bertie Beetham

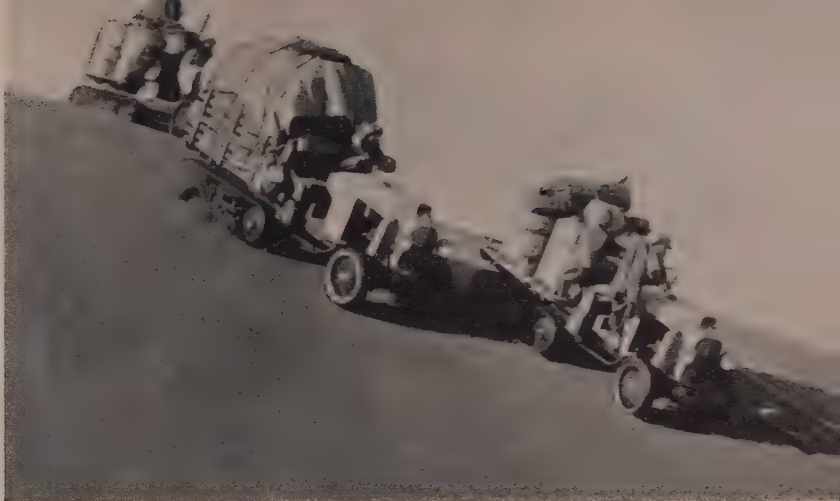
every variation of climate and terrain has its appropriate mode of transport. The yak, at 1½ p.h., will plough through deep snow and maintain foothold on rough slopes and at altitudes where no mule or pony could venture: whereas the aeroplane is useless without naturally smooth landing-grounds

Northern Lights

B.A.A.R.E.



For desert travel motor-cars are increasingly employed: but they cannot graze off the country and 'if the object is to search for something in the wilderness'—



Douglas Carruthers

Dr J. Bai

—as it usually is, the camel still holds his own, 'untroubled by the adventurous progress of the internal combustion engine', in the deserts of Central Asia, Arabia, the Sahara and Australia



Peter, Bernard & Co. Ltd. London

South America has its own peculiar beast of burden, the lively llama, who combines speed and hardiness with an uncertain temper and the nasty habit of spitting at anyone who annoys him



to look for in strange countries; and, finally, medical hints (chiefly tropical), which make the Arctic traveller very glad he chose a region where germs and worms are rare.

The most important thing in travel, as in life generally, is food. Briefly, you can follow one of two courses: carry your supplies in concentrated form or live off the country. The former is boring, laborious and safe; the latter interesting, time-wasting, economical and sometimes fatal. To enjoy native foods one must have an experimental and unbiassed mind, ready to believe that the staple food of a country, whatever it looks or smells like, is probably the most suitable for the climate.

Consider these quotations. Peter Fleming wrote of his long Asian journey: 'The most important item of our food supply was *tsampa*, which we ate for breakfast and for lunch for three months and which did not need cooking. It is roast barley meal which is eaten by soaking it in tea with rancid butter.'

Captain Kingdon Ward says, 'It is always possible to get butter and milk in Tibet, and the older I get the easier I find it to live on milk. In fact, in my fiftieth year I lived chiefly on milk as I did in my first year.' While Miss Freya Stark laments, 'The greatest difficulty in Southern Arabia was the absence of milk, fruit or vegetable. . . . Living on the country in Arabia is apt to lead to undernourishment.'

St John Philby's party, crossing the thirsty, foodless Rub' al Khali, were equipped in Spartan style: ' . . . twenty-four skins of water and the dates and raw dried camel-meat (not salted) which were to constitute our sole diet until we reached civilization. No water could be spared for cooking, so we carried no rice. The raw meat was pleasanter than it may sound, and certainly provided the energy we so badly needed.'

But more surprising dishes are favoured in the Cameroons, where Ivan Sanderson

ate 'white ants fried on buttered toast and monitor lizards in curries'. And in East Africa where, writes Mr J. Vincent, 'All forms of flesh are eaten when opportunity occurs, even rats, mice, snakes and dogs'. In contrast, here is A. J. Marshall's romantic picture from New Guinea. 'There was never any difficulty in securing food: always the graceful young women, and a sprinkling of withered old hags, appeared in the afternoons, laden with sago, yams, taro, sweet potato and native vegetables to trade.'

In the undeveloped Arctic there are no crops and no domesticated animals (except reindeer in a few districts); so one carries a rifle instead of a shopping-bag. There are plenty of good meals to be purchased with a bullet or a harpoon—seal's liver fried in fresh blubber (splendid after hard work in the cold), a cubic foot of whale steak, seal boiled infinitely slowly over a seal-oil lamp, polar bear, scrambled sea-birds' eggs (the inevitable differences in the state of incubation add variety and, probably, vitamins), porcupines and ptarmigan. You may fish for salmon with a rod, but a stick of dynamite is more effective. The rich seas provide cod (of which one rarely bothers to eat more than the roe), smelt and halibut. In fact, one might describe the Arctic as a land of milk and honey, except that there is neither milk nor honey.

The experienced traveller can live off the country in many parts of the polar regions. Stefansson did it for years on end. But hunting takes up a lot of time which might otherwise be spent in scientific work. And in some parts, such as the Ice Caps of Greenland and Antarctica, there is no life at all. Here everything must be carried, and since the length of a journey depends on the number of days' food that can be hauled on a sledge, one tries to concentrate the ration until about two pounds are sufficient for each day. To a certain extent the Himalayan mountaineer has the same problem, aggravated



Andrew Croft

In climates where the wearing of many garments makes overheating and subsequent freezing a danger, dogs provide a solution for the transport problem: elsewhere, when the minimum of clothing still seems too much, the white man gratefully transfers his burden to the black

Gulla Pfeffer





Above a certain height, transport resolves itself into Shanks's mare; porters ascending Everest

Mount Everest Expedition 1933

by the fact that he (or at any rate his porters) have actually to carry their supplies on their backs in the enervating conditions of high altitudes. But on the other hand his effort is only for a short time. For some weeks a man can draw upon his own fat, and the lack of a particular vitamin will not become noticeable. Whereas the polar traveller must exist on his sledging rations perhaps for months at a time. He is safe from germs; but unless his ration is well balanced and sufficiently warming he can, without any difficulty, experience beri-beri (in which his legs swell up), pellagra (in which his skin shrivels and he goes mad), anaemia, rickets, scurvy, frost-bite, lack of interest, and the strange symptoms of salt-starvation. Or that's what the dieticians tell us.

So the calculation of a polar sledging ration is a nice scientific problem, even more difficult than re-packing a used tent into the bag supplied by the makers. You have got to get in Vitamins A, B, C and D; proteins, fats, carbohydrates and mineral salts in due proportion, with a total calorific value of about 5000 (the brain worker and the unemployed at home need about 2400), in a form easy to cook—for fuel is as precious as food—and sufficiently appetizing to be welcomed at every single meal. As a modern example, this is Gino Watkins's Greenland ration:

Pemmican (half fat, half protein)	8 oz.
Margarine	8 „
Biscuits	5 „
Chocolate and cocoa	5½ „
Sugar	4½ „
Milk products	3 „
Pea flour and oatmeal	5 „

Also small quantities of cod liver oil, concentrated lemon juice and mineral salts.

Watkins and I spent a miserable week trying out this ration in London, but on the Ice Cap nobody got tired of it. It was used successfully on many long journeys and, in much reduced form, it kept Augustine Courtauld healthy during his winter

at the weather station in the middle of the Ice Cap. 'Pemmican', said Percy Lemon, 'keeps the body twitching, but not the soul.' But there are times when the body seems the more important.

Now that we know what we are going to eat let us consider what clothes to wear and what shelters to use. 'Man is most comfortable in the clothes he is used to', says Major Bagnold. That is a good motto, unless the explorer is used to changing into a boiled shirt every night. And there are other points to be considered. When it is hot in the English sense you may shed clothes as much as you like. When it is really hot you must protect your skin from the burning rays of the sun. Miss Freya Stark writes, 'I got so burned through my light stockings, I was forced to adopt woollen ones during the hot weather'. In any case it is necessary to take thick clothes for desert travel, for



Mount Everest Expedition 1933

Two types of mountain tents in use on Everest: the beehive-shaped, reminiscent of the Asiatic nomad's yurt, and the light cottage-shaped shelter

as soon as the sun sets it may become extremely cold.

The Eskimo, in his natural state, is restricted to furs as a material for his clothing. He wears two layers: the inner with the fur next the skin and the outer with the fur outside. Such hoar frost as is formed is found principally on the hairless sides of the skins—which face each other—and from these it is easily scraped off. The chief disadvantage of fur clothes is that they are apt to be too heavy and unwieldy for anything but sitting passively on the sledge. And it is very difficult not to get too hot in them.

Getting hot is a serious danger in polar regions. The first hour beside the sledge will make you warm, but once you have been hot, and your perspiration has frozen, your clothes lose all their warming qualities and you will be lucky if you don't get frost bitten before the tent is up. For the principle of cold weather clothes is to supply a myriad tiny pockets for the air your body warms, and to protect these from the cold air outside with a thin wind-proof covering. Therefore several layers of thin woollen garments are better than one thick one, both because they supply more air pockets and because the amount of clothing may be more finely adjusted.

Footwear is of supreme importance in the North: you depend ultimately on your feet to get you home; and, being extremities, they are most liable to frost-bite. Soft skin moccasins are the best covering, with several pairs of socks and flannel slippers inside. The mountaineer, unfortunately for him, finds it necessary to wear hard boots. These are impossible to dry at night, so unless you take them to bed with you, they freeze iron hard and have to be thawed out over a candle next morning. This habit of the human body of losing moisture in cold, dry air is really most annoying. On one journey I had a fur sleeping-bag that I had no means of drying. After a few weeks it used to take me half an hour to thaw my way into it;

and when I got back to the Base I leaned it up against the wall of the hut as if it had been a board.

You can judge a man by his tent. A number of the great mountaineers, for instance, have devised tents that suited their standards of comfort and mobility; and these have been named after them—Whymper, Mummery, Meade. There are many species and sub-species of such tents, but there are only two genera: a Home-from-Home for the Base Camp, and the light shelter for carrying up-hill. Of the former genus are the dome tents first used by the Mount Everest Expedition of 1933. These are a modification of a tent designed by Gino Watkins. They are shaped like a bee-hive: a curved wooden frame, like the ribs of an umbrella, carrying one thickness of canvas and suspending another six inches below it. Curiously enough, they are reminiscent both of the Eskimo *igloo* and the Asiatic *yurt*. The light shelters (these weigh only a few pounds when special materials are used) are generally cottage-shaped, the vertical walls being high, low—or absent. There may be four sloping or two vertical poles, and sometimes ice-axes may be used instead of poles. There are also one-pole tents, but these can neither be very firm nor roomy.

In the tropics, tents are just as important. A rain-forest tests them severely, and they have to keep out not only the elements but also the insects. A man will do poor work next day if he has been bitten by mosquitoes all night, even if they do not give him fever. Mosquitoes also thrive in many parts of the Arctic, breeding in the marshes during the summer. They are not malarial, but they thrive so well that a naked hand may be literally blackened by them in a minute or two. If the nights are cold they are not troublesome then, but during the daytime the traveller must walk about—like a sort of inverted hermit crab—with a mosquito-netting house over his head.

Cold-weather tents, roughly following



British Arctic Air Route Expedition 1930-31

Native travel-technique is studied and imitated by the intelligent explorer. The handling of the Eskimo kayak was assiduously practised by Gino Watkins and his companions in Greenland—



By courtesy of Canadian Pacific

—while every traveller through the trackless Canadian forests must learn to master the Indian canoe

the thermos-flask principle, have two separate layers of canvas with a space of insulating air between. Cold-weather huts have double walls. An interesting experiment was tried by the British Grahamland Expedition. They hung shiny aluminium foil in the 4-inch space between the walls of their hut. This, it was claimed, threw back the escaping heat, as a mirror reflects light, and so conserved the warmth inside. Finally, one has to mention the snow-house, if only to stress the fact that it can be made very warm inside provided it is cold outside. If the walls are of the right thickness the inside heat, which would melt the snow, is counteracted by the outside cold. An opposite but perhaps useful instance is that you can boil water in a paper bag.

Being fed, clothed and housed we must think about means of travel, a subject as wide and complex as rationing and one that must be treated as superficially. As has been mentioned, it only remains to explore the rough places of the world, so we must employ rough means. In some types of country—deserts, for instance—cars can be used, with or without caterpillar wheels. When the car fails there are all sorts of animals which can carry on. Beyond this limit black porters take up the white man's burden; but, from common-sense rather than lack of strength, they are probably disinclined to carry it all the way. A traveller's destiny finally depends on his own legs.

It is not possible to say which is the most useful pack animal, any more than one can say which is the most useful golf club. Each has its peculiar value in special circumstances. But the following comparison of loads for rough travel may be interesting. Camels, 250-600 lb.; yaks and ponies, 160 lb.; donkeys, 120 lb. Sheep and sledge dogs can also be taught to carry packs; but naturally a dog can

haul much more than it can carry, and wherever there is snow he gets that opportunity. Ponies have also been used, notably by Captain Scott, for hauling sledges—but not successfully. Their food is bulky, they flounder in deep snow, and, being unable to curl up like dogs, they suffer terribly in blizzards. I have often wondered how much the stamina of Captain Oates was undermined by the long hours of extra work he put in, building snow-walls and otherwise caring for the ponies, at the beginning of the South Pole journey.

Reindeer are efficient sledge-hauling animals, especially in their native land where they can scrape away the snow and find moss beneath. Also their fur and flesh are useful.

By contrast, here is an inedible form of transport suggested by Ivan Sanderson. 'I found here three bicycles left by a stranded circus that went broke and was sold up. These belonged to a trick-cycling act and only weighed 14 lb. apiece. They came completely to pieces. . . . The tyres are solid, but their cylindrical springs make even better riding than air-filled ones. There seems no limit to the load that can be put on these machines, and although not highly geared they can be made to travel very fast over all kinds of country not too mountainous.'

But to try to condense, still more than the matter is condensed in *Hints to Travellers*, the problem of pack animals can only lead to a Noah's Ark nightmare. And then the floating Ark would make one dream uneasily about the best type of craft—dhow, prahu, canoe, junk, whale-boat, kayak. And the dove that went to look for land would be a surveying aeroplane.

The book is as full as a rich cheese of unexpected and exciting life; and it is just as liable to make you dream.

PHOTOGRAPHIC NOTES

Edited by F. S. Smythe

21. EXPOSURE EXPLAINED (1)

Modern films have done much to help the photographer on the exposure question. Unaided by an exposure-meter, the inexperienced amateur may err very considerably in his judgment of light intensities and yet obtain satisfactory pictures.

Naturally, no film can record pictures if insufficient light reaches the emulsion. On the one hand, however, the increased speed of modern films guards against under-exposure; while, on the other, the great 'latitude' allowed for over-exposure saves thousands of pictures which would otherwise have been spoiled by inaccurate judgment of lighting intensities.

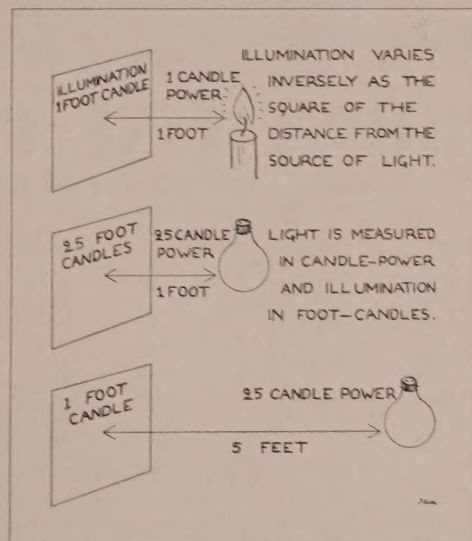
In spite of these helpful factors, exposure still remains one of the more important features of good photography. Trust in the speed and latitude of the film if you will, but at the same time keep in mind that if the film is exposed to exactly the right degree, the picture will be better than if latitude has had to put right your mistakes.

The shutter speed and stop aperture required for the correct exposure of a film emulsion depend upon the brightness of the image cast by the lens inside the camera. This brightness, of course, is related to the amount of light reflected from the object photographed—a degree of illumination which in turn rests entirely with the brilliance of the light from the sky (or artificial sources) and the powers of the object to reflect light.

Primarily, then, the brilliance of the source of light is a controlling factor in exposure. The power of a source of light is measured scientifically in units called 'candle-power'. Although the original unit was actually a tallow candle, nowadays specially made electric lamps in the National Physical Laboratories at Teddington have been designed to provide a more reliable and accurate standard.

The second factor in controlling exposure is illumination. When the light from a lamp giving one candle-power falls upon an object one foot away, the illumination of the object is said to be one 'foot candle'. The illumination from a lamp giving 3 candle-power at a distance of one foot would be 3 foot candles and with a 25 candle-power lamp, 25 foot candles.

Increase the distance and the illumination becomes less and varies inversely as the square of the distance. In this way, though a 25 candle-power lamp at one foot gives an



Since illumination depends upon the distance of the source of light, the lighting for night-time or studio photographs can be controlled without the use of complicated electrical equipment and filters. As a guide to exposure the laws of light demonstrated above should be kept in mind.

illumination of 25 foot candles, at 5 feet it gives only one foot candle.

As a practical application we can consider the use of photoflood lamps which give out a standard and invariable candle-power. In order to obtain inequality of lighting with two lights the brightness of one can be diminished by simply increasing the distance from the subject. If a lamp at 3 feet distance would give a correct exposure with $1/25$ th of a second at f.3.5, then at 9 feet distance the same lamp would give the same exposure of the film with $1/5$ th of a second at f.3.5.

In these notes next month we will consider how illumination controls brightness and how finally brightness (which has its own units) is what the exposure-meter actually measures.

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